Thirty years in California; a contribution to the history of the state from 1849 to 1879. By S.H. Willey, D.D.

THIRTY YEARS IN CALIFORNIA A CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE STATE, FROM 1849 TO 1879.

BY Samuel Hopkins WILLEY, D. D. SAN FRANCISCO: A. L. BANCROFT & CO., PRINTERS. 1879.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE been asked a great many times to write out my recollections of the past thirty years. As the twenty-third of February, 1879, which is the thirtieth anniversary of my landing, approached, I concluded to do it.

When I arrived in California, the country was settling down into quietness, after the ratification of the treaty of peace had put an end to our war with Mexico.

The events which had then so recently taken place here, interested me very much, at the time, and I gathered up many memoranda concerning them, which I have carefully preserved. For many of these, I am indebted to ex-United States Consul in California, Thomas O. Larkin, and also to David Spence, of Monterey.

But I am much more largely indebted to the Hon. John Bidwell, and to General M. G. Vallejo. Both of these gentlemen have been kind enough to furnish me memoranda of their own, and have had the

patience to answer my many questions to them. It gives me pleasure to acknowledge their kindness. No men can speak with more intelligence upon these matters, and I may add, to no men is the State of California more indebted for its transfer from the Mexican flag, and its introduction as one of the United States.

What follows, concerning events taking place since my arrival, I give from my personal observations, or from those of others to whom I refer.

FEBRUARY 23, 1879.

CHAPTER I.

THE BREAKING OUT OF THE MEXICAN WAR AT THE SAME TIME IN 1846, ON THE RIO GRANDE AND IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY—LIEUTENANT GILLESPIE's ERRAND FROM WASHINGTON—CAPTAIN FREMONT's SUBSEQUENT MOVEMENTS—THE BEAR FLAG AT SONOMA—THE BEAR FLAG BATTALION ON THE MARCH SOUTHWARD MEETS THE NEWS OF COMMODORE SLOAT's ARRIVAL AT MONTEREY, AND OF THE RAISING OF THE UNITED STATES FLAG—LEISURELY MARCH TO MONTEREY—MUSTERING INTO THE UNITED STATEs' SERVICE.

THE year 1846 was the crisis-year in the destiny of California. In looking back on the events of that year, touching this country, from this distance of time, their main purpose stands out clearly revealed, as it did not do when those events were transpiring. It is plain enough now, that they were inspired from Washington.

The government of the United States had kept a careful watch of what was going on on this coast for many years. Ever after the famous explorations of Lewis and Clark, who were sent out by President Jefferson, in 1804, our government had kept itself thoroughly informed of everything that concerned California.

It was known by what a slight tenure it was held to Mexico. The wish of France to possess it, was well understood.* The settlement of the Russians at Bodega was noticed, and Russia was requested to withdraw it, because it was planted south of the parallel of latitude below which they had stipulated, by treaty, that they would not come. And Russia did withdraw in 1841.*

Cronise, p. 67
Cronise, p. 38.

The hopes of England to acquire California, were also well known, and all her movements having that end in view, were carefully observed.

Meanwhile the government at Washington continued to seek all possible information concerning this country, then so remote and unexplored. Thomas O. Larkin, who came here from Massachusetts, in 1832, seems to have had a fancy and a tact for gathering up facts and statistics. These he freely communicated to the government.

By this means, as well as in other ways, they were made acquainted, not only with the geography and natural resources of the country, but with its inhabitants, both the native born, and the foreign.

And, withal, they were made acquinted with their probable preference of allegiance, in case of a change of flag. At the same time explorations were prosecuted under Captain Fremont, across the continent, to the Pacific; and in 1838, and onward for some years, on the Pacific by Commodore Wilkes, with a squadron consisting of five vessels of war. By him San Francisco bay, and the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, were surveyed.

As we come down near to the year 1846, in tracing the rival movements toward getting possession of California, we find things approaching closely to a crisis.

Mexico is exceedingly humiliated by the loss of Texas, in 1836, and since emmigration had begun to come in here from the United States, across the continent, the Mexican mind became keenly apprehensive.

It had come to that, that here in California, the more intelligent, even of the native-born people, foresaw that there must soon be some change of flags and of allegiance. What that change should be, came more to be openly discussed.

In March, 1846, Governor Pio Pico called a convention of leading citizens, at Santa Barbara, to take into consideration what should be done. The strongest party proved to be in favor of an English Protectorate. Another party, at the head of which was General M. G. Vallejo, was for an Independent Republic, with reference to coming ultimately into the American Union. The convention adjourned to Monterey, but reaching no conclusion, adjourned again, to meet in Santa Barbara, in June, 1846.

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General Vallejo says, that if the convention had met again, it would have assuredly gone in favor of British protection. And that knowing this, for the purpose of delay, he took pains to make the most of differences that he knew existed between the other leaders, and so prevented the convention from again coming together. The importance of that action of General Vallejo's is now plain enough. An English Protectorate established here at that time would have been something very hard to deal with. And we seem to owe it to General Vallejo's espousing our American cause so warmly, that such a complication was avoided. Why he enlisted so warmly on the United States' side at that critical time I do not know, but this I know, that it was something that California ought not now to forget. The year before, in 1845, our government had tried to buy California of Mexico, through the agency of Mr. Slidell, but failed through British interference.*

Cronise, p. 69.

But in April, 1846, while these discussions were going on here in California, the Mexican Government,* under the influence of Mr. Forbes, the British consul, granted, on petition of the Irish Roman Catholic priest, Macnamara,* three thousand square leagues of land in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, for purposes of colonization by Irishmen. To be perfected, the patent

only needed the signature of Governor Pico, but before receiving this, it fell into the hands of our government.

Cronise, p. 69.
Tuthill, p. 179.

But in addition to these causes of restlessness in the public mind here, as the year 1846 opened, there was still another. Captain Fremont arrived on his third tour of exploration, from over the plains. He had with him sixty men, well armed. He asked leave to remain a while and rest and refit. At first, it is alleged, that leave was granted, but that it was suddenly withdrawn, and peremptory orders were sent to him to leave the country immediately, accompanied with the threat of force, in case he delayed.

There has recently been published a letter purporting to have been written at this time by Captain Fremont, in reply to a demand of the Alcalde of San Jose, that he should appear before his court, and answer to the charge of having stolen horses in his possession. Captain Fremont's letter is dated “February 21, 1846,” and denies the charge, but refuses to obey the 8 summons of the court. In reply to this, there appears a letter from General Castro, charging on him contempt for the civil authorities, and ordering him to leave at once, or an adequate force would compel him to do so.

After waiting three or four days in defiance of this show of force, Captain Fremont, with his party, moved off northward up the Sacramento Valley toward Oregon.

And so the men of affairs in California were left discussing the question of their civil and political future, as before described; but according to the very best testimony, neither doing violence nor threatening disturbance or injury to anybody living in the country. So passed March, so passed April, and so passed May, only that a great curiosity was awakened by the sudden arrival of a young man in Monterey from Mazatlan, in a United States sloop of war, having left Washington in November, 1845.

The young man was Lieutenant Gillespie, of the United States Navy, and his immediate inquiry was for Captain Fremont. Learning his route as before mentioned, he sets out to overtake him with all

haste. This he succeeds in doing on the southern border of Oregon. All the certain knowledge we have of his errand from the United States Government to Captain Fremont, we must infer from the latter's movements. He starts instantly with his men, on his return to California.

This sudden return could not have been in the interest of science. Nor was it for purposes of exploration. Something more than these must have been determined on in Washington, in November, 1845, to have necessitated the sending of a special messenger with all possible speed such a long distance to communicate with Captain Fremont. What it was, it is easy enough now to discover, when we observe that war with Mexico breaks out on the Rio Grande on the eighth and ninth of May, 1846, the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, being fought on those days. And although news of what was going on there could not reach here for three months or more, it may, with substantial truth be said, that the war broke out at nearly the same time in the Sacramento Valley as on the Rio Grande.

The sudden reappearance of Captain Fremont and his camp at the Buttes, near the mouth of Feather River, called back from his journey by a special messenger from Washington, was enough of itself to create instant excitement among the settlers 9 throughout the northern valleys. All accounts show that they quickly and numerously visited Captain Fremont's camp, and almost immediately, that is to say, on the eighth of June, 1846, a company of men, consisting of trappers and hunters, and in part of men belonging to the exploring party, went suddenly down to what is now known as Knight's Landing, in Yolo county, and captured a band of horses on the way to General Castro, in Monterey, and, sending a defiant message to Castro by the men in charge, returned with the horses to Fremont's camp.

Of course, this was war, as much as that on the Rio Grande, and it broke out almost precisely at the same time, although the places were thousands of miles apart, and it would take several months for the news to pass from one place to the other. The horses were not “government horses” at all, as has been generally supposed, but they were General Vallejo's, sent by him, forty head of them, for General Castro's* use, according to previous promise, but with no idea whatever of mounting a

force against foreigners. This appears to be evident enough now, when the facts are calmly inquired into.

General Vallejo's statement.

It appears to be very plain that the extraordinary news from Washington was what brought Captain Fremont back from Oregon, and the next act that emanates from his camp, is an act of war. Whether those verbal dispatches authorized him to countenance these violent proceedings at this time, we have no means of knowing, except by inference from the fact that they actually took place with his sanction and co-operation. It is but just that the responsibility in this matter should rest exactly where it belongs, and that is, on the shoulders of the Government of the United States, granting that Captain Fremont did not exceed his authority.

It makes no difference that this act of war, and others that necessarily followed, did not formally take place under the flag of the United States.

Captain Fremont was an officer of the United States Army, and wore its uniform and was acting as he did, after having received instructions from his Government direct, at great cost. Therefore it would be necessarily understood, unless he stated to the contrary, which he did not, that what he approved the 10 doing of, the United States sanctioned. And it was so understood, and in that belief the men of that day acted.

The taking of the horses necessitated the doing of more, and the doing of it quickly. This, too, was perceived at Captain Fremont's camp, and by three o'clock in the afternoon of June 10, a party of twenty men, led by one Merritt, set out to capture Sonoma. Accessions were made to the party on the way, and Sonoma was easily taken, for although there were there ten pieces of artillery, there was not a solitary soldier there at the time, except General Vallejo's orderly, and in the capture not a gun was fired.

General Vallejo says that they made prisoners of himself, Captain Salvador Vallejo, and Colonel Victor Prudon, on the morning of Sunday, June 14, 1846. Jacob P. Leese accompanied the prisoners

to Captain Fremont's camp at General Vallejo's request, as interpreter, and on their arrival there, Mr. Leese also was made prisoner.

By Captain Fremont's order, these four prisoners were taken to Sutter's Fort, and Major John Bidwell was directed by him to see that they were safely kept. Major Bidwell afterwards turned over his charge to another, and went to Sonoma, joining the company there, and continuing in the service till the close of hostilities in 1847. The prisoners were retained at the fort about sixty days, until the change of flag in the country had been fully effected, when they were released by order of Commodore Stockton. Of the party of thirty-three men who took Sonoma, twenty-four were left to hold possession of it.

Organizing themselves into a company, they chose William B. Ide, captain.* At this moment they notice that the Mexican flag is still flying at the top of the flag-staff. It is at once hauled down, but what shall go up in its place? They are perplexed. They must have some kind of a flag flying. They think about a “lone star,” but they know that Texas has appropriated that.

H. L. Ford's account.

They are agreed that they will have a star in their flag, but they tax their wits to have some other device as well. A piece of common cloth is obtained, and one of the men named William Todd proceeds to paint, from a pot of red paint, a star in the corner.

William Todd, by the way, was a nephew of Mrs. Abraham 11 Lincoln, and was brought up by, or at least lived with, his uncle, afterward President Lincoln.*

General Bidwell's account.

Before Todd had finished painting, Henry L. Ford, one of the party, proposes to paint on the center, facing the star, a grizzly bear. This was unanimously agreed to, and the grizzly bear was painted accordingly. When it was done, the flag was taken to the flag-staff and hoisted, amid the hurrahs of the little party. So came into existence the “Bear Flag,” which has become historic in California.

Accounts vary somewhat relative to it, especially as to the exact date of its raising; but as General Vallejo gives the date of the capture of Sonoma to have been June 14, 1846, and the flag was raised on the same day, it seems to be the best evidence of the true date. Of course, a proclamation was issued in the name of the party, giving reasons for the course they were taking, and announcing their purposes.

One of these reasons the proclamation states to be, that the chief officers of the Mexican Government had warned foreigners, but especially Americans, to leave the country. It is evident that there were rumors of that kind; but General Vallejo says that it was not so, and asks, “Where is there a paper extant, from any California official, to corroborate that assertion?” And he goes on to say: “At the very period when it is alleged that Commandante Castro was acting in this way, he directed me to issue passports and authorizations of settlement, to any respectable foreigner applying for the same; and Castro was, at the time, giving such papers.”

“Years before” General Vallejo says, in an address delivered July 4th, 1876, “instructions were sent to me from Mexico at once to force the immigrants to recross the Sierra Nevada and depart from the territory of the Republic. But, to say nothing of the inhumanity of these orders, their execution was physically impossible; first, because I had no military force, and, second, because the immigrants came in the autumn when snow covered the Sierras so quickly as to render return impracticable.

“Under the circumstances, not only I, but Commandante Castro resolved to provide the immigrants with letters of security that they might remain temporarily in the country. We always made a show of authority, but were well convinced all the time 12 that we had no power to resist the invasion which was coming in upon us.”

Reading now, in connection with this, the following from General John Bidwell, who has been here since 1841, and the liability to constant trouble between the Californians and the settlers, will be apparent enough:

“Stock-raising and hunting were the principal occupations of the settlers. Every one had guns and horses, and always carried his blankets, and would mount and go where and when he pleased. There were all kinds of men here. A few who had grants of land and had settled, some who lived with those having grants; some who never intended to settle, but roved about hunting, many were old hunters from the Rocky Mountains who had trapped their way into California by way of Oregon and the Sacramento Valley. Some were sailors who had deserted their ships.”

It is manifest enough that these were just the people, both on the side of the Californians, and of the foreigners, to be in constant collision and irritation. Those foreigners who had acquired property, and had settled, were generally in favor of peace. While, as a rule, those who had little or no permanent interest here, were ready and anxious for war. As to numbers, there were, probably, three hundred and fifty foreigners, including Fremont's party, mostly Americans, scattered along this coast, in 1846, for a distance of six hundred miles.*

General Bidwell's statement.

It is by no means strange, then, that the return of such a man as Captain Fremont, at the call of a special messenger, sent all the way from Washington, should result just as it did, in the breaking out of war.

After the Bear Flag went up in Sonoma, some pretty severe fighting took place with the Californians, the principal scene of which was on the Olompali rancho, situated half way between Petaluma and San Rafael.

Now, of course, as the conflict grew more severe help was wanted, and a swift messenger goes to Fremont for it. As quickly as possible he hastens to Sonoma, with all the force he can gather on the way, and scours the country round about for the enemy, but finds none, and returns to Sonoma again.

There he complains of the want of discipline, and urges the necessity of organization. A plan therefore is fixed upon, 13 which had for its object, to gain and maintain the independence of

California. All present signed it. Officers were elected under it. On Monday, July 6, 1846, the march for Sacramento began. The whole force must now have amounted to one hundred and fifty men, besides those left at Sonoma.

On Friday, July 10, the company camped on the bank of the American river, seven or eight miles from Sutter's Fort.

On Saturday, July 11, came to them the astounding news from Monterey, that Commodore Sloat had arrived there in the United States frigate Savannah, and had raised the United States flag, and taken possession of the country in consequence of war, which had broken out between the United States and Mexico. It was understood that Commodore Sloat requested Captain Fremont to go with all possible dispatch to Monterey.

The United States flag was raised in Monterey on July 7. If the messenger started immediately, he was four days on his way to Fremont's camp. But Fremont appears to have been nine days on the way to Monterey, reaching there on Sunday, July 19. If the question is asked, why this slowness, when speed would be so certainly looked for, the reply must be that no answer is apparent.

Besides, there is no record of surprise in the camp on the receipt of the great and stirring news, or any outburst of joy, or of the pulling down of the Bear Flag and the raising of the Stars and Stripes. It may have been done; but one would suppose that it would have been accompanied with such acclamation as would have made the occasion memorable. Indeed, it leads one to doubt whether the running up of the American flag over the company's camp took place at once, when we read "that the next day, while the party were stopping for dinner on the Mokelumne river,* the before-mentioned agreement to strike for an Independent Republic, so extensively signed at Sonoma, was brought out and signed by all whose names were not on it before.

General Bidwell's account.

If, once more, it is asked what was the motive for this, the reply must be again, that no record gives any. It now became evident enough, if it was not so before, what the purport of Captain Fremont's message was, that came all the way from Washington by special messenger Gillespie.

But this was no time for the indulgence of jealousies and 14 personal ambitions. There was none too much promptness in action about that time on this coast as it was. Everything depended on time.

It appears that the news of General Taylor's victories of May 8th and 9th crept across Mexico and reached Commodore Sloat in Mazatlan on the thirty-first of that month. He did not hasten to get up his anchor, but waited a whole week for the confirmation, which he then got, together with the news of the occupation of Matamoras, and also that of the blockade of Vera Cruz by the American squadron. “Then,” his log-book says, “at 2 P. M., we got under way for Monterey, California.” But what makes us impatient at the very thought of delay at this time, even now when we read of these things, is, that as the Savannah, with Commodore Sloat, sails for Monterey, the British ship of war Collingwood with Admiral Seymour sails from San Blas for the same port. The prize of California is to fall to the one that proves to be the faster sailer—a prize long coveted by both British and American Governments, and yet worth immeasurably more than was then dreamed of by either of them.

The Savannah having borne the press of all the canvas she could carry, without however knowing that she was competing in the race with her English rival, rounded Point Piños and came in ahead. Her log reads: “July 1st, stood into the harbor of Monterey, and came to anchor at 4 P. M. in front of the town.”

One would hardly think that Commodore Sloat could have spent an entire week in consultation with the authorities of the town, which he did before taking the decisive step, when he must have known that the Collingwood might be in his wake and appear at any moment. We have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the prize was not lost.

Turning again to the log we read: “July 7—7 A. M.; landing forces. Took possession. Hoisted flag.” Eight days only after that the Collingwood came into port and found our flag flying over the town and over the fort, and then it was known that England's interest in the destiny of California was at an end.

It has been claimed that it was what Captain Fremont was doing in the interior, that Commodore Sloat waited to ascertain, before he took possession of the country, and that it was in dependence on that that he put up our flag. Commodore 15 Sloat's own statement on that point is found in a letter which he himself wrote in the year 1855. It is found appended to a historical paper that was presented to the New York Historical Society. It is addressed to “Dr. William Maxwell Wood, United States Navy,” and all that it says bearing upon this point is as follows: “I am most happy to acknowledge the very important services you rendered the Government and the squadron in the Pacific, under my command at the breaking out of the war with Mexico. The information you furnished me at Mazatlan, from Guadalaxara, was the only reliable information I received of that event, and which induced me to proceed immediately to California, and upon my own responsibility, to take possession of that country, which I did on the seventh of July, 1846. (Signed), JOHN D. SLOAT.”

When the company under Captain Fremont arrived at Monterey on July 19, they found not only the Savannah, Commodore Sloat, but the United States frigate Congress, Commodore Stockton, which came into port on July 15, and also the English frigate Collingwood, Admiral Sir George Seymour, which arrived on July 16.

Within a few days, Commodore Sloat turned over his command to Commodore Stockton, and sailed for home.

If there had been a telegraph in those days, he would have been comforted to know that on July 12, not quite a week after he had in fact fulfilled the wishes of Government, Secretary of the Navy Bancroft, wrote him this dispatch:*

Cronise, p. 70.

“The object of the United States has reference to ultimate peace with Mexico; and if, at that peace, the basis of the *utipossiditis*shall be established, the Government expects through your forces, to be found in actual possession of Upper California.” The Government was in possession at the time of his writing, and was found in possession at the time of the ultimate peace with Mexico. Thereupon, all the men under Captain Fremont, together with those of the Navy, were organized under Commodore Stockton, for the purpose of seeing that our flag, which had been raised here, should be respected, and its authority recognized, both north and south. And the force proved to be sufficient to put down all opposition, and do away with revolutions and pronunciamentos.

CHAPTER II.

CALIFORNIA's ESCAPE FROM MORMON OCCUPATION—ITS COINCIDENCE WITH THE FOREGOING EVENTS—EVIDENCES OF MORMON DISAPPOINTMENT.

AMONG the movements towards the acquisition of a foothold in California, in the early part of the year 1846, there was yet another, of which not much has been said. I refer to the westward movement of the Mormons. Of course nothing is on record, written by Mormons themselves, concerning any intent of theirs to settle around San Francisco bay; but there are a great many things that lead to the conclusion tliat this was their objective point. Since they were led entirely by one man, or at most, by a very few men, this objective point may have been in their thought only; but to trace their movements in 1846, in the light of what has since taken place, shows plainly enough to what point they were directed.

In the year 1845 the events culminated that obliged the Mormons to emigrate. Brigham Young was chosen prophet, and at once the westward movement was projected. It commenced in the spring of 1846.*

Dunbar, p. 43.

In the month of February, sixteen hundred men, women and children started with their movable effects for the Pacific, having particularly in view the territory bordering on San Francisco bay,

which they proposed to acquire from the Mexicans. The rest, to the number of sixteen thousand, were to follow in due time.*

Johnson's Cyclo.

On the fourth of the same month, February, the ship Brooklyn sailed from New York for San Francisco with two hundred and thirty-eight men, women and children on board, all but ten or twelve of whom were Mormons.* They were mostly Americans, but from many States. They were largely farmers and mechanics, having along their tools and implements. They were well provided with arms. They had aboard a newspaper press and material, two printers and an editor.

E. C. K., Sac. Un., Sept. 11, 1866.

It appears that they did not care to have their destination known, for while lying at the wharf in New York, they ran up Oregon at the mast-head. This ship Brooklyn arrived in San 17 Francisco bay on July 31, 1846, only twenty-three days after the American flag went up!

When the ship neared the harbor, and the stars and stripes were seen waving, one of the leaders gave emphatic utterance to his disappointment and indignation!* It came out, on the trial of a certain civil suit, after their landing, that their purpose was a Mormon occupation, and that they came under the direction of the Mormon authorities, and that a great many others—the number twenty thousand is mentioned—from different parts of the world, were on the way to join them. At any rate, so the Prophet said.*

Dunbar, p. 44.
E. C. K., *Sac. Un*., Sept. 11, 1866.

Whether the overland column that started in February heard of the breaking out of the Mexican war in May, from that side of the continent, or by messengers sent from this side, there was a halt at Salt Lake.* The disappointment of all, in the failure of their California plans, may be inferred from that of one, a prominent man of their number, who was crossing the summit of the Sierras, on his way to California, about the middle of September, 1846.

Cronise, p. 54.

He was there met by a man just from the Sacramento Valley, going eastward, who said that the American flag was up in California, and the whole country was in the possession of the forces of the United States. At this the Mormon became very much excited, and said that it could not be true —was not true! At which there came near being personal violence between the two men; but it was prevented by emigrants who were near. There are witnesses of this affair now living; but its only importance is, that it shows how keen the disappointment to the Mormon anticipations was the acquisition of California by the United States just at that time!

CHAPTER III.

OPENING OF STEAMSHIP NAVIGATION ALONG THIS PACIFIC COAST.

ANOTHER matter of vital importance to California, determined in 1846, was the establishment of the line of Pacific Mail steamships. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Mason,* advertised for bids to carry the mails twice a month by steam from Panama to Astoria in Oregon, touching at Realejo in Central America, Acapulco, Mazatlan and Monterey. It seems that San Francisco had not, at that time, come to be of importance enough to be even mentioned in the advertisement!

Dunbar, p. 52.

The contract finally entered into, called for three side-wheel steamships, the first of which should sail for the Pacific in October, 1848, and the others following at proper intervals.* By this means California would be put within thirty days' time of the Atlantic ports, instead of requiring from four to six months' travel as before, and the communication would be regular and reliable.

Dunbar, p. 54.

In looking back over these decisive events of 1846, it is surprising to see how many times, by the narrowest miss, California escaped disastrous complications and was saved to the United States, thus completing its territorial possessions from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific.

Peace with Mexico in 1848 found the United States “in actual possession of Upper California.” And now began a keen inquiry what the newly acquired country was good for. Opinions differed very widely. Some thought as did Mr. McDuffie of the United States Senate. He said, in a speech, in that body: “Why, sir, of what use will this territory be for agriculture? I would not for that purpose give a pinch of snuff for the whole of it.” Others estimated its value at the opposite extreme, and there was a great inquiry for books, and maps, and facts concerning California.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

THE treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which California was ceded to the United States, was concluded in Mexico on February 2, 1848. It proves to have been on that very day, the second of February, 1848, that, here in California, Marshall rides in from Sutter's Mill, situated at what is now Coloma, forty miles to Sutter's Fort,* his horse in a foam and himself all bespattered with mud; and finding Captain Sutter alone, takes from his pocket a pouch, from which he pours upon the table about an ounce of yellow grains of metal, which he thought would prove to be gold. It did prove to be gold, and there was a great deal more where that came from. General Bidwell writes: “I myself first took the news to San Francisco. I went by way of Sonoma. I told General Vallejo. He told me to say to Sutter “that he hoped the gold would flow into his purse as the waters through his mill-race.”

Dunbar, p. 107.

We cannot observe the coincidence of the date of this great discovery, with that of the negotiation of the treaty of peace with Mexico, by which California was acquired by the United States, without thinking, what if the gold discovery had come first? What if the events of the war had postponed the conclusion of peace for a few months? What if Mexico had heard the news before agreeing upon terms? What if Mexico's large creditor, England, had also learned that there was abundance of gold

here in California? Who can tell when, in that case, there would have been peace, and upon what terms, and with what disposition of territory?

At this day, it seems strange that the news of this great discovery did not fly abroad more swiftly than it did. It would not seem so very strange, however, if it could be remembered how very improbable the truth of the gold-stories then was.

And it appeared to be most improbable, that if gold was really found, it would be in quantities sufficient to pay for going after it. People were a little slow to commit themselves, at first, respecting it. Even as late as May 24, 1848, a correspondent, writing in the *Californian*, a paper then published 20 in San Francisco, expresses the opinion of some people, thus:

“What evil effects may not result from this mania, and the consequent abandonment of all useful pursuits, in a wild-goose chase after gold?”

A good many people, far and near, looked upon the matter in this light for some time. The slowness with which the news traveled in the beginning, is seen in this:

Monterey, then the seat of government, is not more than four or five days' travel from the place where gold was discovered. The discovery took place not later than the first of February, 1848. And yet Alcalde Walter Colton says, in his journal, under date: “Monday, May 29. Our town was startled out of its quiet dreams to-day, by the announcement that gold had been discovered on the American Fork.”

“June 5. Another report reached us this morning, from the American Fork. The rumor ran that several workmen, while excavating for a mill-race, had thrown up shining scales of yellow ore that proved to be gold. Still the public incredulity remained, save here and there a glimmer of faith like the flash of a firefly at night.”

“June 6. Being troubled with the golden dream, I determined to put an end to the suspense, and dispatched a messenger this morning to the American Fork. He will have to ride, going and returning, some four hundred miles, but his report will be reliable.”

If it took four months for the news of the discovery of gold to travel as far as Monterey, the capital town of the country, it is not surprising that it hardly got over to the Atlantic States within the year 1848. There was then an express that advertised to take letters through to Independence, Missouri, in sixty days, at fifty cents a-piece.

If the gold news had been thoroughly credited here, it might have been published all through the East by the first of May; but it was not. In the early fall of 1848, however, the rumor began to get abroad there, through private sources. At first it was laughed at, and those who credited it at all had no idea that gold existed here in sufficient quantities to be worth digging. Still, the items of news that were often floating about in the papers that Fall greatly sharpened curiosity about the newly-acquired country. Regular communication with it was 21 about to be opened by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and the first steamship of the Pacific Mail line, the California, sailed to go around Cape Horn, on October 6, promptly to the time of her contract, and was expected to be at Panama by January 1, 1849.

CHAPTER V.

RISING PUBLIC INTEREST IN CALIFORNIA, BEFORE THE GOLD-NEWS REACHED THE EAST.

THOUGHTFUL people were becoming more and more impressed with the importance of the new territorial acquisition. It grew upon them as they studied it. Christian people saw at once what new duties it would lay upon them. And yet they had very little definite and certain knowledge as to what needed first to be done. The missionary societies of the leading denominations prepared to move at once. The American Home Missionary Society secured John W. Douglas, a student just

graduated from the Union Theological Seminary, New York, who was under appointment as a foreign missionary, to change his plans and come to California.

Then they wanted to get some classmate of his, if possible, to come with him. They proposed the matter to me. It took me wholly by surprise. I did not know much about the West, and had never thought of going to a new country. On the contrary, my preferences were altogether for an old country. And yet I did not want to shirk duty, though I did not think coming to California was my duty.

I said I would think of the matter, but that there were things in the way of my coming that I could not then remove, even though I was willing on other accounts. And so I thought the question was safely set at rest, and went from the theological seminary to Medford, Massachusetts, and, about the middle of November, 1848, was getting ready to settle there in the ministry. Still, I had become deeply interested in California, and had read everything I could find about it.

One afternoon, the mail from New York brought me an unusually thick and heavy letter, which, on opening, I was surprised to find contained a commission to go to California, and saying that all the objections that I had raised to going had been removed!

I was completely revolutionized. The proposition brought me face to face with new questions. And, besides, a decision was called for immediately. The letter, which was dated November 14, said:

“The steamship Falcon is to sail from New York on December 1, and we wish to have you go in her. You know how important we all consider this mission, and how much we desire to have you connected with it. May the Lord, by His spirit, direct you.

“(Signed) MILTON BADGER, Secretary.”

And so there was not time for correspondence, and not much for reflection. I don't think I slept much that night. The next morning, after breakfast with the pleasant family where I was entertained, I went out alone for a walk.

The clear November air was bracing, and things seemed to assume shape. I had asked direction, and the balance of conviction appeared to be in favor of the California undertaking. There was a hill which my walk led me to ascend, and from the top of it I could look over a region of country as desirable to have one's home in as could be well imagined. There was the dome of the State-house in Boston, yonder was Cambridge, with its libraries and its rich attractions for a student. A few miles away was Andover, with all its accumulated facilities for theological study. And the spires of churches, I could count them all around, by the score.

Yes! and just there came up the thought of California, now a part of my country—a great domain, and not a spire indicating a Protestant church within its borders! People were beginning to go to this new country. A steamship line was about to make it practically near. I was young, and just ready to begin life. No insuperable obstacle was now in the way of my coming. The magnitude of the enterprise grew upon me. And so the question settled itself. I went home, wrote my acceptance to New York, and said that I would be on to make ready, after the following Sabbath. I was on my way the next Monday afternoon. The needed outfit had to be ascertained as best it could, and got together in a very few days. My ordination took place on the evening of November 30. The Rev. Dr. John Spaulding, in giving the charge, said “that California, planted with much seed from the Anglo-Saxon granary, would yield a harvest of industrial and moral influence, to be felt around the world. That although many a golden bubble would vanish, a greater than Solomon's fleet would carry thence richer mineral treasures than were ever brought from Tarshish or Ophir for the house of the Lord; and that California would 24 strike the key-notes of some of the sweetest songs to be sung in the millenium.”

These remarks indicate, among other things, that the gold rumors had then been heard by the speaker, but that it was not thought that there was much of importance in them.

The tone and scope of our instructions may be inferred from this extract from Secretary Badger's letter, in which he gave them to us:

“We wish you to take a broad and comprehensive survey of the work to be done there. Never were men more emphatically called to lay foundations than yourselves, and foundations that are not to have ages to consolidate them before they are built on, but which are to have a massive, and, we trust, a beautiful and enduring superstructure erected upon them at once.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST STEAMSHIP VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA—MEETING OF THE AUTHENTIC GOLD NEWS AT NEW ORLEANS—THE ISTHMUS-CROSSING—THE RUN UP THE PACIFIC COAST.

ON Friday morning, December 1, 1848, we met the secretaries, Drs. Badger and Hall, at the Society's rooms, in the Tract House. Most of the executive committee were there. Rev. Drs. William Adams, E. F. Hatfield, Joseph P. Thompson, and, I think, Jasper Corning and Christopher R. Robert.

Some one or two of them offered brief and earnest prayers for our safety and success, and then they accompanied us to the ship. There quite a concourse of ladies and gentlemen came on board to greet us, and remained until twelve o'clock M., when Captain Thompson took his place on the wheel-house, and in a few minutes we were out in the stream, waved good bye to the friends on shore, and turned our faces to our new and untried undertaking.

Once beyond the reach of winter, and past Cape Hatteras, we found the voyage a pleasure trip. There were many exceedingly pleasant people among the thirty or forty passengers. We touched at Charleston, Savannah, Havana, and then went to New Orleans.

Arriving there, I think, on Wednesday or Thursday, we were informed that the ship would remain till the following Monday.

On Friday, I think it was, December 15, 1848, the special messenger arrived in New Orleans, by way of the Ithmus of Panama, bringing the official dispatch of Governor R. B. Mason, of California, to the government, confirming the previous rumors of the discovery of gold, and giving an account of the extent of the placers, as being far beyond what anybody had supposed, and describing the profits of gold digging as almost fabulous.

We saw the messenger. We read the dispatch. We saw specimens of the gold. There could be no mistake about this, because Governor R. B. Mason, and Captain W. T. Sherman, personally visited the mines in September, 1848, and simply reported the facts as they found them.*

Colton, p. 373.

Of course, New Orleans was excited, and the news sped over the country as fast as it could. I don't remember whether the telegraphic wires were up to carry it then. But it was not long in becoming known everywhere. It was the one theme of talk. To us, it was like an earthquake! It shook down all our plans and anticipations. The messenger told us that the cost of everything was enormous, that pretty much all business was given up but gold digging, that the towns were deserted by the men, and that everybody was unsettled and on the move. Pretty poor prospects for us, we thought, and for the objects we had in view! Cholera was prevailing in the city to a considerable extent, but it seemed to be forgotten in the general excitement about the gold.

We were most hospitably entertained during our stay, as the guests of a Mr. Hadden. I preached for Rev. E. R. Beadle on Sunday, and on Monday we went again on board the Falcon. And what a crowd! A perfect jam! The passengers of the previous part of the trip could hardly find each other in the multitude. It was not pleasant to think what would happen if the cholera, which we left behind us, should break out on board! It did not, however, but on the way to Chagres we had a chance to get a little experience of rough life that was new to us.

It was well that we got it then, and by degrees, for we needed the benefit of that initiation, further on. No professorship in any of the schools had prepared us for this. A young man under somewhat similar circumstances, many years since that time, says of himself: “While I live I think I shall never forget that sudden horrible sinking of heart that I felt when the reality of the life I had chosen stared me in the face.” When I read this, it recalled vividly my own experience on that voyage, thirty years ago. But that feeling passed away. The motive and the purpose, were great enough to lift one above it. We found more kindly people that sympathized with us, than we expected. There were two clergymen along, besides ourselves, Rev. Dr. Sylvester Woodbridge, Presbyterian, and Rev. O. C. Wheeler, Baptist.

In due time we were landed at Chagres, and, after working four days against the swollen current of the Chagres River in a dug-out, we reached Cruces. There we found the cholera at last. We had been spared from it on the ship, but here it had 27 broken out, in this most miserable place. After burying those who had died, and doing what we could for the relief of the sick, we made our way to Panama. The expected steamship California had not yet come. We waited a whole month for her arrival. During this time the spread of the gold news, which we left behind us, brought down a continual stream of passengers, by steam and by sail, to Chagres, and then they worked their way over and filled up Panama. By-and-by the California came, and, taking on board all she could possibly carry, she sailed on her first upward voyage on February 1, 1849.

What a crowd again! We had thought it uncomfortable and rough enough on the Falcon from New Orleans; but it was nothing to this. However, on the grand Pacific, and in calm and beautiful weather, we succeeded in adjusting and fitting ourselves together, and finally made out to get on tolerably. While I write, now, after thirty years, I have before me the list of passengers. As I run my eye over the long column of names, a very large proportion appear to have ended their earthly voyage. I think that Dr. Arthur B. Stout, of San Francisco, has done by far the most to perpetuate the memory of that first trip of that first steamship, the California, up the coast. Dr. Stout was the ship's surgeon. Of the four clergymen whose names are here, only my friend, Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, of San Francisco, and myself, are now in the ministry.

I find among the names those of many people whom I remember with great respect. One I must stop to mention with tenderness and regret—Major E. R. S. Canby, of the U. S. Army. He was then under orders for duty in California. He and Mrs. Canby were coming together. I can seem to see them now. The Major's quiet gallantry, all so sincere and unstudied, was a model of gentlemanly bearing that I remember to this day. They were both great readers, and passed a great deal of time with books, but they were abundantly social as well. Often, during those splendid evenings in the tropics,a little party of us would sit with them on deck, and converse for hours.

There was not only a soldierly patriotism about them, but a Christian patriotism also. Our purposes of well doing, which were taking us to California, were very much in harmony. Major Canby was a West Point graduate, but his was more than 28 a military education. His literary acquirements were not small, and his legal reading, I think, was enough to have given him a high standing as a lawyer. And yet, with all this administrative talent, he was a hero on the battle-field. This he proved at Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Churubusco in the Mexican war, as well as in leading the Union forces in New Mexico, Arkansas and at Mobile in the war of the rebellion. In looks he was tall and well proportioned, and altogether soldierly in his bearing, and in mind he was clear-thinking and balanced. It never will cease to be a grief that such a man should have fallen, as General Canby did, a victim to the treachery of the Modoc Indians at the lava beds in 1873.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR FIRST LOOK AT CALIFORNIA—MY MONTEREY LIFE, SCHOOL TEACHING, PREACHING, AND POST CHAPLAINCY—THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The California landed us at Monterey on the morning of the twenty-third of February, 1849. As the anchor dropped, I think, the first man from shore to spring up the ship's side was ex-United States Consul Thomas O. Larkin. Quickly following him came Captain H. W. Halleck and, I think, Captain W. T. Sherman of the army. The cut of their clothes would have reminded a tailor of the eastern fashions of a year or two before, but in all other respects they seemed like men on

Broadway. This was to be my stopping place for the time being, while most of the passengers went on to San Francisco. The hospitality of Mr. Larkin, and afterward of Mr. James Watson, gave me a home at first.

It was on a Friday that we landed. On Sunday, the twenty-fifth of February, I preached my first sermon in California. It was at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in Colton Hall. My text was I Corinthians, 1: 23 and 24: “We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called both Jews and Greeks, Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.”

A very rainy season was about closing. The whole country was soft, the streams swollen, and travel by land was almost impossible. As we had been told, so we found, nearly all the men were away in the mines, and so upon me there seemed to be, for the time, a kind of enforced inactivity. I immediately set about learning everything I could. I began correspondence wherever I knew of reliable persons with whom to open it.

Although there were no mails, there was a good deal of travel, and everybody was accommodating about taking letters. And then pretty soon the steamships brought a basketful of letters from the East, every month, and every one of them must be answered.

I saw numbers of little people all about town, but there was no school for them. I talked with Ex-Alcalde Walter Colton about it. He was getting ready to leave Monterey after a 30 residence of three years, to join his family in Philadelphia. He said that many of the people would be only too glad to send their children to school, and pay tuition, if anybody would teach them.

“Very well,” I said, “Give me a room in Colton Hall, and send them along. I'll teach them, at any rate for a while.” The children came, some forty or fifty boys and girls. They did not know English, and I did not know a word of Spanish. We got together any number of stray primers and alphabets, and picture books, and spelling books, and so forth, and with the help of the blackboard, we got on after a fashion.

I kept on for six months, till in September the Constitutional Convention came along, and wanted Colton Hall to meet in; and so my school had to surrender.

But it has given me pleasure to observe that many of those boys, who were pupils, became intelligent and useful men, and almost all the girls, good women and mothers in their own homes. Before I got to be too busy otherwise, I proposed the plan of a library to the people. They entered into it heartily, and subscribed at once some fifteen hundred dollars with which to buy books.

I had a good supply of New York publishers' catalogues along with me, and so, with the assistance of others, I made out a very choice list of books. In due time, they all came in good order, and so, on the present list of California public libraries, that in Monterey ranks as the one established first.

Some people thought in those days that the Constitutional Convention that assembled in Colton Hall, on September 1, 1849, was called too soon. Careful observers here on the ground at the time, did not think it was too soon. The news of peace and the purchase of this territory from Mexico, reached California on the seventh of August, 1848.*

Ross Brown's Memorial, p. 169

From that time there was a continual agitation, especially among the American portion of the people, in favor of a change of government from the Mexican system. This change became a more pressing necessity as towns grew rapidly to some size, such as San Francisco and San Jose. But it was seen to be an immediate want, when people began to flock hither in consequence of the gold news. Of course, it was expected that 31 Congress would give a Territorial Government to the new Territory which it had acquired.

But the division in sentiment between the North and the South prevented their doing it, and that body adjourned, leaving the flag up in California, and military force enough here to maintain peace; and for the rest, the people were left to themselves. There was but one thing they could do, and that was to organize for themselves a State government. The Governor, Gen. Bennett Riley, and

his Secretary of State, Capt. H. W. Halleck, took this view of the matter, and without any other authority than the necessity of the case, and the common consent, they called the convention.

The popular response was given in the election of delegates. And their zeal and good faith was shown in their leaving their employments, in some cases at that time richly paying, to do this work. And the excellence of their work has been proved by the existence of the Constitution which they made, for almost thirty years, with only slight amendments.

The great, overshadowing, determining question at the outset was: Shall the State be a free State, or a slave State? The preponderance of sentiment in favor of a free State was so great that it was one of the earliest matters determined; and it was settled almost without debate, and with not a vote recorded against freedom.

The drift of opinion was just then in that direction, even at the East, to a great extent, as General Taylor's-administration was coming into power; but here it was so strong, because everybody was a laborer, and nobody wanted servile labor alongside of him.

It was a good Providence that brought on the determining of that question *then*, and fixed it as a fundamental principle of our organic law, not to be changed by any chance majorities of the hour. Because, when the great reactionary effort at the East, after the death of President Taylor, set the great political current to flowing in the opposite direction, we felt it here. It almost took us off our feet, Constitution and all. Federal officers and State officers were carried away by it, and joined together to find some way to reverse that great decision. If it had not been for the bulwark of that Constitution, I think that that conspiracy againstfreedom would have been successful, in spite of all that could have been done to hinder it. It is 32 another of those many instances in which California has been saved, but by the narrowest escape!

When the freedom-clause was put into the Constitution, of course, it determined the complexion of the whole instrument. It was natural,then, to look for provision for common schools and other institutions of education. And we were not disappointed.

I was chaplain of the Convention, alternating in that service, every other day, with Padre Remirez, and had excellent opportunities to observe the proceedings of the body.

To my mind, the seventh of July, 1846, and the tenth of September, 1849, are the two most important days that have ever been seen on this coast.

The former, on account of the raising of the United States flag, and the latter for determining that that flag shall here wave only over freedom.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MY FIRST VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO, OCTOBER, 1849—MODE OF TRAVEL—SCENERY—SAN JOSE—SANTA CLARA—SAN MATEO—MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO—THE STEAMER MINT—SACRAMENTO.

WHEN the Convention was over, I made my first visit to San Francisco. I had been busy in Monterey all summer. After I began teaching, as well as preaching, the offiers of the army at the post observed that I was doing a chaplain's duty, and of their own accord the Council of Administration appointed me Chaplain, and sending to Washington, obtained for me a commission, which I held as long as I remained in Monterey.

This, my first journey to San Francisco, is only noteworthy, inasmuch as it illustrates the method of travel by land at that time, and suggests the contrast between the San Francisco of that day and the San Francisco of to-day. I was to go in company with Major Garnett, of the army, who was ordered there on some military duty. Our horses were brought up, and were carefully saddled for a long ride. Our blankets were tied on in their places, and we made ourselves ready in suitable dress and leather leggings; and taking some food in our pockets, and the letters which our friends asked us to carry, we mounted and were off. The most frequented and plainest route was by way of the Salinas and Mission San Juan. But at Major Canby's suggestion, we determined to take the trail through the Pajaro Valley, and over thence to Murphy's. The first part of that thirty-mile ride, on that fine

October day, was splendid; but the last part began to be, to me at least—then a novice on horseback —very fatiguing.

To make matters worse, we became uncertain of our exact way to Don Manuel Jimeno's rancho, where we proposed to stop for the night. As it was getting dark we came upon an Indian's hut. For ample pay he got himself and his horse in readiness to guide us. We followed him, as it seemed, interminably, though in fact the distance was only a few miles. A light at last! The rancho must be there. The usual bevy of dogs scented us and rushed out to meet us.

Don Manuel met us at the door, and his servants took our 34 horses. From mine, at least, I was too tired to dismount, but rolled off. A cup of tea and a little supper, and a very little pleasant talk in broken Spanish on our part, and equally broken English on the part of our host, and we went to bed. Fleas were innumerable and ravenous, but all their gnawing failed to disturb our sleep that night.

The next morning, after breakfast, we started to cross over to Murphy's. We took the direction, as nearly as we could, given by Don Manuel in Spanish. We crossed the Pajaro river through the willows, traversed the splendid valley, and ascended the long slope of the mountain, slowly gaining the summit. By that time it was almost noon, and we dismounted to give our horses a rest and to enjoy the view.

And what a view! The picture is vivid to my mind to this day. That beautiful valley, the Pajaro river winding its way through it, bordered with foliage, ponds and lakelets dotted here and there, surrounded with trees, and harboring immense flocks of wild geese, the plains flecked with bands of wild cattle grazing, but not a fence in all the view, nor a sign of civilization, except the tile-roofed rancho of Don Manuel, and one or two others like it just visible in the far distance.

Nature was unbroken; and along the horizon, toward Monterey bay, the waves were tossing up their white foam, dancing in the bright noon-day light. It was a most animating scene. We wondered when those fat river bottoms would be cultivated, and those fine hill slopes become the residences of an intelligent people. Rested and refreshed, and delighted with so fine a view in our new country, we mounted and started to make our way over the crest of the mountain toward the valley on

the other side. We soon found, to our dismay, that we had mistaken the road, and there was no penetrating that thicket. Down that swell and around the mouth of the ravine, and we made an attempt further north but with the same result. Down that swell, around the next ravine, and up the one still further north, and we thought we must surely find the way. But no; impenetrable thicket! That was all we could find.

It was getting towards evening. It was no place on those mountains, in those days, to be out nights. Grizzlies were at home there then; and besides, we were tired out and ravenously hungry. There, six or seven miles off, we could just see Don Manuel's tile-roofed rancho, from which we had started in the 35 morning.We were of one mind. We turned down the mountain to seek hospitality there once more. Arriving at dark, we met a generous welcome as before, and Don Manuel offered to send an Indian guide to pilot us over the next day. Another night of sleep, despite the fleas, and some strong enough coffee in the morning, made us ready to follow our little Indian pilot on his donkey.

We saw our error quickly enough when he pointed it out, but we did not wonder we made it. The “road” that they talked about, was only one of many cow-paths, all equally likely to be the one we wished to take. Over the ridge and through the difficulty, we dismissed our guide with his donkey, and made our way rapidly onward. The scenery was fine and our spirits good, and towards evening we reached Murphy's rancho. Here we found the men absent, and there was no feed for the horses, so we must needs make our way a couple of hours further on, to Fisher's rancho.

It was dark when we got there, the horses could be well enough provided for, and so could we ourselves, so far as food and coffee were concerned, but there were guests in before us, and there was no sleeping-place but on hides on the floor. Very well, wrapped in our blankets, we selected the cleanest corner we could find and laid down to rest; but no rest that night. Those fleas were of a far more powerful breed than we had encountered before.

We got through the dark hours somehow, but at the dawn of day, I hastened out into the vineyard close by, among the cool, dewy vines, and there pulled myself to pieces and freed all my apparel of the wretched little intruders. After a regular rancho breakfast, we again mounted, and reached San

Jose a little before noon. Santa Clara valley, as we entered it, and passed up through it, impressed me very much. When we came near enough to identify in the distance about the present site of the city of San Jose, I remember thinking how grandly adapted that landscape was to be occupied with a great city, with its architectural adornments. But as we rode into town that day, it did not seem as if the board shanties and cloth tents and adobe huts, that seemed to be straggling in disorder around us, would ever grow into any forms of ornamental architecture, or be replaced by anything of the kind, certainly not within the present century.

But let any one approach San Jose along the same road today, in 1879, after only thirty years, and he will see that a city is indeed there, and that domes and spires, and all the forms of costly architecture rise up in the horizon before him. San Jose was then the home of my associate, Rev. J. W. Douglas, where he was then foundin the Presbyterian church.

While I passed a day with him to visit and rest, my traveling companion had to go on. This left me to make the journey alone, from San Jose to San Francisco, a few days afterwards. I determined to divide the fifty-two miles into two days' afterwards. I determined to divide the fifty-two miles into two days' ride.

Crossing the bridge from San Jose over the Guadalupe, I remember coming to the Alameda, as it was then; a wide, winding street, all the way to Santa Clara, bordered with rows of willows and sycamore trees of immense growth, planted by the padres, long ago. It reminded me a little of the elm-bordered avenues at home, for I had seen nothing of the kind before on this coast.

At Santa Clara I went into the old church, but there were none of the schools there then that have since made it a literary town.

Beyond Santa Clara, I remember forests of mustard of very large and dense growth. I am sure no man's head could have been seen, riding through it, even if he had stood upright in his saddle, on his horse. I do not remember passing any rancho but Whisman's, that afternoon.

I pushed on up the well-traveled and dusty trail, often meeting trains of Sonoranians, with their long lines of pack-animals, tinkling their bells, on their way down from the mines.

When it came dark I picketed my horse, ate some supper that I had along in my pocket, and laid down, wrapped in my blanket, with my saddle for a pillow, and slept soundly. I could see the light of a Sonoranian camp fire in the not remote distance; could hear the tinkling of their bells, and the sound of their voices, but they did not disturb me.

In the morning, I breakfasted as I had taken supper, saddled my horse, and went on. Now, I began to be more anxious to get through, and see the strange city, San Francisco, of which I had heard so much all summer, and find what it was like. I remember passing Angelo's Hotel, the only new institution of the kind I had seen in the country. But in haste to get forward, I urged on my way.

That rounded hill I saw ahead of me in the distance, near the bay shore. I kept traveling as fast as I could, and yet that round hill seemed to be just so far off. At last, perseverance conquered, and I reached its base, passed it, and in due time came in sight of the old Mission adobe storehouse.

That was San Mateo! Well, a door opened from the end toward the road, and an enterprising young man was there, furnishing bread and coffee for the refreshment of travelers. Welcome was the smell of that coffee! There was his tin pot, over a little fire in a hole in the ground, and when he poured out the hot beverage for me, it was plain enough that the “qualities” of that coffee were not “strained.” But without any waste of trimmings upon it, it was delicious to a hungry and thirsty traveler. It was well I found it there, for I needed all the strength it gave to breast that October north-west ocean breeze, that one meets in all its strength at that season, after coming in view of the open sea, and all the way thence to the Mission Dolores.

I had heard of that breeze, but I had never experienced the like before. It was the middle of the afternoon when the wind was strongest. I tied my hat on to my head, shut my eyes to the drifting

sand, and trusted to my horse to take me through. He did take me through, after a while, and I stopped for rest at the Mission.

Then for San Francisco! I thought I was near, and should be there soon. I started on the well-traveled trail.

There were no wheeled vehicles going over it in those days. I followed its windings into the thicket, a seemingly interminable extent of scrub oak and chaparral. The path was deep sand. There was no way but to wade through it on a slow walk. I passed now and then a pack-mule, half hidden in the thicket, and could hear some one cutting wood, evidently for market.

By-and-by I caught a glimpse of a house ahead of me. “Now, I've got there,” thought I. But no. It turned out to be Merrill's, as it used to be known in St. Ann's valley, a house on one corner of a large, square lot, and little houses on each of the other corners. If I am not mistaken, it was near where the large Catholic church on Market street is now. That was not San Francisco. Wading on past this, still through thickets of chaparral, I came to a turn of the trail on the side 38 of the hill, where I could begin to see Goat Island and the bay. But though I could see nothing nearer, I knew I was not far from San Francisco at last, for the sound of hammer strokes was like the pattering of rain drops on the roof in a shower. In fact, it was a continuous roar. I knew that must be San Francisco, getting itself ready for the rainy season.

Spurring on my horse, I got to hard ground at last, and rode into the city along Kearney street to the Plaza, and across it, to the old adobe building, opposite the north-west corner, in which was the Quartermaster's stables, and there leaving my horse, I was ready to see the new city. How I found the city is told exactly by a lithographic view of it, from drawings made on the spot at that time, by Henry Frick, and published by W. H. Jones, Esq. The view is exceedingly correct, especially as it represents the city itself, as I found it that day. All in all, it was a wonder and a bewilderment to me. Its aspect was rough enough, and its life stirring, and intense, and strange. In the *Alta California*, of August 4, 1849, a copy of which is before me, there is a list of vessels in port at that time, with the names of their masters, whence they came, and the nature of cargo. The number, by count, is one

hundred and twenty. They came from every part of the world, nearly all bringing passengers, and goods of every imaginable description. It was more than two months after this that I arrived in San Francisco, and sitting on Telegraph Hill, counted over three hundred vessels in the harbor of one kind or another.

I was the guest of Rev. T. Dwight Hunt. I met, also, Rev. Albert Williams, Rev. O. C. Wheeler, Rev. Flavel S. Mines, Rev. I. L. Ver Mehr; Rev. William Taylor of the Methodist church was not just then at home.

These were all the ministers as yet in San Francisco, and their churches were in the upper part of town, mostly on or near Powell street. Rev. Messrs. Mines and Ver Mehr had commenced Trinity and Grace churches, respectively, Rev. Mr. Hunt the Congregational, Rev. Mr. Williams the Presbyterian, and Rev. Mr. Wheeler the Baptist church. On Sunday, October 21, I preached in the forenoon for Rev. Mr. Hunt, in his chapel on the corner of Jackson and Virginia streets, to a congregation of men, with a very few women. In the afternoon I preached for Rev. Mr. Williams in the tent where the First Presbyterian church commenced worship, situated on the west side of 39 pont street, between Pacific street and Broadway. In the evening I preached for Rev. Mr. Wheeler, in the Baptist church on Washington street, near the corner of Stockton street.

The congregations were very much alike in size, and in respect to being composed almost wholly of men, but their numbers, all told, were exceedingly few compared with what they would have been in an eastern city of equal population. There were many reasons for this besides the fact that the multitude did not care to go to church in California, even if they went elsewhere. Business went on, at that time, on Sundays as on other days. If some men did not do business on that day, they nevertheless could not leave their cloth or slight wooden stores unguarded and alone.

Gambling saloons were thronged day and night. The Plaza was surrounded with them on two sides, and partly on a third. Music of every sort was heard from them, sometimes of the finest kind, and now and then the noise of violence and the sound of pistol shots. The whole city was a strange and almost bewildering scene to a stranger.

But I was going also to Sacramento to see the Rev. J. A. Benton, a minister who, as I knew, had come to California from Massachusetts, and had gone there. I was going because a steamboat had just begun to make trips between San Francisco and Sacramento, and I could go up one day and come down the next. I went aboard the Mint, for that was the steamer's name, at the advertised hour. It was a very small craft indeed—a kind of play-pretend steamboat. But she had the assurance to charge fare in exact inverse proportion to her size!

I paid thirty dollars to go up that day, and thirty dollars to come down the next. But then, being out over night coming down, I was furnished a spare door, placed across two benches, on which to sleep, without additional charge.

My first journey up the bay impressed me exceedingly. The magnitude and variety in the aspect of the country and in the landscape views, grew upon me greatly. I looked as we passed with a personal interest upon Benicia, where Rev. Mr. Woodbridge had gone. When I got to Sacramento, I was not long in finding Rev. Mr. Benton.

I introduced myself, and met a welcome such as began a friendship which has grown ever since. He was suffering 40 somewhat in his tent from malaria, but was fully up to the needed heroism, and comprehended the demands of the situation. Long were our talks. We talked church, and missions, and schools, and college, and built many castles. I learned a great deal from him about other interior towns. I got a pretty definite idea of Stockton, and Nevada, and Marysville, and some other places whose names are pretty much forgotten to-day.

But though the next day's time for my leaving seemed to come very soon, we had agreed upon many plans in which we could co-operate, though some hundred of miles apart. I came down the river and down the bay, and then down the country and home to Monterey, greatly instructed in the country, and in what needed to be done for it through the Gospel.

What I had learned all summer by correspondence and by acquaintance with many leading men from all parts of the country, in Monterey, and now by this tour of observation, enabled me to come

to a conclusion what it was best to do, and what help we needed to ask from the East. Of course I must remain in Monterey during the rainy season, which had already begun. This time was spent in further correspondence, and getting the judgment of the Christian people at the East. There cordial and generous assurances were everything that could be desired.

CHAPTER IX.

MY REMOVAL TO SAN FRANCISCO IN 1850—BEGINNING A CHURCH—ACTING AS AGENT AND CORRESPONDENT OF THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY—HELPING EDIT "THE PACIFIC," AND DOING SOMETHING FOR SCHOOLS.

AND so, when the spring had fairly opened, I went to San Francisco, and commenced the establishment of a new church, the Howard Presbyterian, in the southern part of the city, called then "Happy Valley." Churches, at that day, had to seek locations almost in the suburbs, on account of the frequent occurrence of destructive fires. Besides, whatever families there were in the city then, sought outside residences for the same reason, and therefore the churches so located were near to them. I began my ministry there in May, 1850. I fell into the spirit of the place at once; I felt the stimulus of its intense life; its breezes were bracing to my nerves, and its excitement was welcome to my youthful energy. I saw at once that in that shifting and drifting population it was not best to confine myself solely to the work of building up a single church.

The circumstances were plainly very different in this respect from what they would be in any city where there is a settled population, and a force of Christian workers to help. Here there were neither the one nor the other. It may be said with almost literal truth, that there were no people in the city then that felt settled and at home. Of families there were very few. The entire population at this time is variously estimated. Some place the number at twenty thousand. It may have been more. From a third to a half may have been Americans*.

Cronise, p.652.

But out of that stranger mass of people, very few Christian workers came forward to help begin any of the churches. This was not what was expected by Christians at the East. Rev. Dr. Badger wrote to me under date of “January 31, 1849. You have good ground for encouragement in the character of the emigrants from the Northern and Middle States. The bowie-knife and Colt's-revolver gentlemen are not the only ones on the way. A respectable portion are from the bone and muscle of our old settlements; young men of intelligence and good 42 common school education, and of good morals and professed piety. Many companies are on their way, pledging themselves in the most effectual form to each other to have nothing to do with intoxicating drinks, and to hallow the Sabbath. Young men of the first business capacity, and of uncorrupted morals have sought introductions to yourself and Mr. Douglas, and will be on hand,we trust, to aid you in Sabbath Schools and whatever else you canturn their hand to. So many of the better class are going out,that they must eventually give tone and character to the population.”

Only measurably were these expectations fulfilled. It was not all these young men that arrived here as they left home, nor was it all who so arrived that came to our assistance in beginning churches. Many were drifted by their business far away from any of the few clergymen then in California. And too many of those who were not, forgot those pledges which they made on starting for California. I was talking with Rev. Mr. Mines, one day in 1850, as to this very matter; and I remember with what kindling earnestness he said, “I wish I could stand for once before those great congregations of men in New York again, after this beginning of California experience! I would say to them, ‘You don't know yourselves! You don't know how easily your strongest resolutions may be broken down! You don't know how dependent you are on the surrounding supports of a Christian public sentiment to uphold what you think to be your own religious principles!'”

I was reminded of this when I read a remark of Rev. Dr. Cuyler's, on his return home, after spending part of the summer of 1878 in San Francisco. Speaking of the Christian pastors, and the fewness of the able helpers around them, he says, “They need more backing.” “Do they, indeed?” thought I, on reading the remark. “I wonder what terms he would have found emphatic enough to have expressed that idea, if he had come here any time between 1850 and 1860!” But,

although the demands of the occasion called on one to do more than to gather a congregation and build up a church, it was, of course, his duty to do that, as the first and the main thing. Years and years I traveled over the sand hills, week after week, searching out new-comers and making the acquaintance of strangers. At first, there were no streets whatever opened or graded south of 43 California street. All the country in that direction was chaparral, overgrowing a succession of sand hills and valleys, clear to Rincon Hill. In these valleys between the hills were nestled many clusters of houses, and tents were pitched everywhere on the hill sides.

From all around I gathered my congregation. From the citizens generally in the city I got money to build a church. Both things took work. And when combined with preaching two sermons each Sunday that would keep a congregation together, attracted by nothing but the sermon, it will be obvious to any one acquainted with such matters that it required industry. In the midst of this work, in the Fall of 1850, I fell sick with Panama fever. I was reduced very low by it, and was not able to work again till Spring. When I was strong enough to begin, I could hardly find traces of what had been done before.

Particularly my subscription for a church, which had reached some thousands of dollars, to be paid in installments as the work should go on, was nowhere! Fires and removals and various things had rendered it practically uncollectible. So the work had all to be done over again, and it was done, and a good house of worship for that day, the best in the city, indeed, at that time, was dedicated on June 15, 1851.

Now the congregation became larger and more constant, the church increased some in numbers, and the pulpit was more of a power in the city. Now, too, several interior towns needed ministers, and the American Home Missionary Society was ready to send them, and gradually the correspondence on the entire subject of their coming and their locations fell to me. So also did the negotiating of the society's drafts, and the keeping, disbursement and accounting for the funds. I did this extra duty for four years, responsible, delicate and onerous as it was, but it was made pleasant by the coming of so many excellent Christian ministers and their families, re-enforcing and strengthening the great work which we saw fast growing in importance throughout the State.

At the same time, the beginning of schools required a good deal of attention. The Constitution of the State was right, touching the matter of schools. And the Legislature had passed a good enough school law to begin with, but the city had not yet done anything under it, towards organizing schools 44 or raising funds. Though there had been, for a year or so, three or four small schools, supported by a small tuition in various parts of the city, the impression prevailed that there were not children enough in San Francisco to require the establishment of public schools.

To demonstrate to the business men and to the Common Council that there were children in the city needing school, some of us got up a procession of all the children we could get together, and marched them through Montgomery Street. We were proud to show one hundred little people, rank and file, and there may have been twice or three times that number, all told, in San Francisco at the time. The city free-school ordinance was passed, and became a law, soon after, on the twenty-fifth of September, 1851. Ever since, the San Francisco schools have fully kept pace, in size and excellence, with the growth of the city itself.

CHAPTER X.

LACK OF INTEREST IN CIVIL AFFAIRS—FEWNESS OF CHURCH-HELPERS—SOME DISTINGUISHED ONES: CAPTAIN E. KNIGHT, MAJOR A.B. EATON, AND OTHERS

In those earliest years, civil affairs generally, were matters of very grave concern to all Christians and good citizens. The better class of men were so absorbed in business, and were so sure that they were not going to live here, “not they, they would never bring their families to such a place as this!” Consequently, they took little active interest in elections. Indeed, they would not stop to vote. This was plain enough to be seen when I first came to the city, and as early as June 8, 1851, I preached a sermon on the text: “Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people,” urging the duty of voting, and doing other things necessary to the upholding of the law, as a Christian obligation.

It was asked for publication by the *Alta California*, the next day, and was printed. Other ministers preached similar discourses, and the press urged the same considerations, but with only partial success in getting attention to public affairs. Those who voted chose such officers as pleased them, and these officers were of a kind, in too many instances, that made havoc of justice.

Meanwhile, Sunday continued to be the great business day of the week. Banks were open; expresses were running; stores were open for the most part; steamships were leaving, when Sunday was their sailing day; auctioneers were crying their wares, and the town was full of business and noise. It was something to breast the influence of all this, and with the few who stood by the Bible and religion, work for reform. I often thought that I was seeing the reality of what I feared, when I heard in New Orleans, in 1848, that this was a mining country.

But we remembered Nehemiah, and we both "wrought," and "set a watch," and "prayed to God," as he did. Nor did God fail to send us some very able and efficient helpers. One of them was Captain E. Knight, who came to San Francisco in 1850, as agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

He found the steamships sailing on Sundays, whenever the 46 first and fifteenth of the month happened on that day. All early Californians remember what "steamer day" used to be. Correspondence was closing, remittances were making up, passengers were hurrying to be on board, friends went to see them off, banks were busy, the post-office was crowded, there was rush and noise and excitement on all sides. Captain Knight saw all this at a glance. And he saw that the sailing of the steamships of the company which he represented here had more to do with continuing desecration of the Sabbath in this way, than any other one thing.

He determined to stop it if he could. He represented the case to the company in New York, and also to the post-office department, and from both he got the needed authority to make the change. At once the steamship announcements placed the sailing day on Monday, when the first and fifteenth of the month occured on Sunday.

Very soon thereafter banks closed, and expresses closed, and before long business generally closed, and measurable quiet and stillness reigned in the city.

This was one of the most beneficent acts ever done by any man here. The man who did it was Napoleonic in his nature, and being a Christian of positive convictions, he did not stop to consult the temper of our cosmopolitan population, as to such a matter. He continued in office about three years. His whole influence, by word and example, was that of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. He always attended church on Sunday, and was punctually in his place with all the friends and steamship officers he could bring along; sometimes a couple of pews full. On communion Sundays, he was always at the Lord's table, and all who knew him, in business or otherwise, felt that he belonged there. After a while his family joined him, and then the whole social influence surrounding them, great as it was, was in harmony with what I have said of Captain Knight's personal character.

It was a pleasure indeed for a pastor to preach to such hearers. I mention the name of this man with admiration and affection. He died of overwork just as he was leaving California for the East. It was indeed a favoring Providence that sent such a man to San Francisco, to fill such an office at such a time.

And while Captain Knight was here, the same favoring 47 Providence sent another man of great ability, great excellence and wide influence, to fill another prominent office, Major A.B. Eaton of the United States Army, Chief of the Commissariat of the Department of the Pacific. Major Eaton came to California in 1851. He spent his week-days in conducting the extended and important business of his office, which he always reduced to perfect system. He was in favor with the merchants because he procured his army supplies in the home market, importing only what could not be obtained here.

At the same time, though dealing with men of every type of character and of habit, he was a Christian, outspoken, and known to be such everywhere. He was a man whose habit of total abstinence from every kind of intoxicating drink was uniform, and at the same time his temper and

manner were so genial that he could remonstrate with those whose practice was otherwise, without giving offense. He acted and spoke and wrote always upon that side. He, too, was always at church, and brought friends along. He was a man of much learning and very extensive reading; his mind was furnished and his judgment sound.

He, too, was a hearer, whose presence was an inspiration to the preacher. The truth of the Divine Word, as it was opened, was heard with manifest avidity and appreciation. He took hold of the church trusteeship, and amazingly helped on its affairs. He always sat down with us at communion. He superintended the Sunday-school for a year or two. He was always present and ready to participate in the weekly prayer-meeting. And in such a sincere, simple, and Christian way, as contributed greatly to the attractiveness and value of the meetings. He was always ready to sit down with us, giving us the advantage of his great business knowledge and experience in planning for our missionary and educational undertakings.

During the last year of his stay in California, his wife and a young lady daughter, joined him. Then there was another precious Christian home, throwing its influence around a large circle of homeless young men here. There, by Mrs. Eaton, assisted by Major Eaton, the plan of the San Francisco Ladies' Protection and Relief Society was formed. By Mrs. Eaton it was proposed to the Christian ladies of the city, who adopted it, and since then it has become one of the most prominent and valuable institutions of beneficence in the State.

A man of royal endowments was Major Eaton. In the war of the rebellion, “he fed the Union troops;” and what single officer's responsibility in all the war was superior to his? He became Commissary-General of Subsistence, and this is said of him: “He expended as commissary in New York, from April, 1861, to July, 1864, the enormous sum of $58,324,239.59, and when his accounts were finally settled by the Third Auditor at Washington, the only discrepancy between him and the Government was a little item of seven dollars, which he at once paid out of his own pocket.” His name will go on the roll among the chief heroes of that grand time. He died in 1877. Mrs. Eaton had died several years before.

Such were some of the Christian helpers in our work in 1850, and onward. There were, doubtless, some others like them in other congregations, but they were few, and they are few to this day. In my congregation there was always a compact circle of like zeal and fidelity, both men and women. But the number was small. In all those years so little was settled and permanent, that it was only a nucleus of a congregation that could be counted on for any great length of time. My congregation seemed to be, for the most part, a moving procession of comers and goers, tarrying a short time as they passed along. Sometimes things would look a little more stable, inspiring the hope of building up, and then, all of a sudden, it would take one's breath away to see the changes taking place, necessitating a beginning again anew. For twelve years I worked with a passing multitude in just this way, at the same time conducting the business and the correspondence of the American Home Missionary Society, and writing every week for the press.

It is some compensation for the lack of permanence in the local church work of those years, to see how many other churches were materially helped on in their beginnings by those who removed from us. I think now particularly of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco, the Presbyterian church, Alameda, the First Congregational church, and I may add the First Presbyterian church, in Oakland.

CHAPTER XI.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—ITS CAUSES, PROGRESS AND TERMINATION IN A PURIFIED CITY GOVERNMENT—A BETTER RELIGIOUS AS WELL AS CIVIL LIFE —REV. E. S. LACY, AND REV. I. H. RRAYTON—THE WAR OF THE REBELLION—CHURCHESFIRST PUTTING UP THE FLAG—GREAT MEETINGS—REV. T. STARR KING AND HIS LECTURES—LOYALTY TRIUMPHANT.

That twelve years' work in San Francisco, beginning with 1850, covered the most turbulent and exciting period of the city's history.

In my judgment this grew out of the extremely mixed character of the population, a good many of them of the worst sort, finding here very little restraint; and almost all, both good and bad, thinking nothing of permanence, but only aiming to get the greatest amount of money in the shortest possible space of time, and then to get away. The great mass taking little interest in civil affairs, the elections came, somehow, to bring into office only a certain class of candidates, and when at last there was a struggle to rally at the polls and return candidates of a different character, it appeared that voting would not do it. It was tried a good many times and always failed. It came in the end to be the conviction of almost the entire citizenship of the better class, that the situation was desperate, and could only be remedied by a desperate cure. It required only such a deed of violence as the assassination of James King of William, on the fourteenth of May, 1856, to throw the city into the hands of the Vigilance Committee, supported spontaneously, and almost instantaneously by nearly all the really order-loving citizens. We had to decide quickly on which side we would stand; but it looked then as if that immense preponderance of opinion in favor of the committee was an effort to regain the *reality* of "law and order," while those who stood by its *forms* were mainly those who had got those forms into their hands and used them to defeat justice.

It seemed to be a desperate struggle for self-preservation that the body of the best and most substantial citizens of the city then entered upon. There were some good men who did not view it so. General W. T. Sherman did not view it so, as 50 he says in his book of Recollections. Captain H. W. Halleck did not view it so. I remember to have called on him for some purpose in his law office the next morning after the committee took control. Speaking of what was transpiring, he said, "If things are going on in this way I shall have to shoulder my musket."

And he added, with respect to the Committee themselves:

"They may go on and do this work awhile, but, mark my word, sooner or later those men will all die by violence!"

The result shows how greatly he was mistaken. Not one of them has died by violence; and all the world knows now that the Committee's work, that year, was followed by an election of officers that

gave the city an exceptionally pure, just, and economical administration. The tools and arts and manipulations of election returns that had made the preceding corrupt order of things impregnable, were found out, and when they were inspected in the Committee's museum, it was plainly enough to be seen that with them they might have ruled perpetually.

After this struggle, in which the reign of law was restored by efforts outside of law, and at such risk and cost, there was no lack of interest in elections, and no shirking of public duty, paid or unpaid. Party lines were, for a long time, ignored in city matters, and the best citizens united to elect the best men to conduct its affairs. And now, after those measures have stood the test of time, as to their results, for so many years, I think they stand approved, at least as to those results.

But such a violent political and social upheaving in a young city, as that in San Francisco in 1856, could not subside at once, even after things had settled into their regular order. There were resentments and irritations and bitter alienations remaining, appearing in lawsuits and violent discussions in speech, and through the press. But, like the ocean after a storm, all this subsided with time, and the regenerated city started in earnest on its new departure.

The churches were never fuller, and the preaching of the Gospel was never more effective in San Francisco, than for four or five years after the upturning of 1856. The Divine Word was a living power with the people.

The mention of the revived religious life of that period brings to mind one of the foremost leaders in it, the Rev. Edward S. 51 Lacy, then pastor of the First Congregational church. He was in the fullness of his strength then, and he was a man of power.

His power was the power of a manly, well balanced and well furnished mind, and of a large heart. His genial, sincere and winning manner, gave him great influence with the young; his preaching was largely with the demonstration of the Spirit. His opportunity in those days was grand, and grandly did he use it. He was large and fine looking in person, with a deep, clear, ringing voice, and if he lacked somewhat in grace, it was more than made up in force; and his force was so manifestly that of a sincere and genuine character, that it had great weight with men. The impression I have

now of the whole atmosphere of his congregation and work, as I found it when I used to go and preach in exchange with him, in those days, was that of spiritual vigor and vitality. He was a power, not only in his church, but in the whole city. No man was more respected, and no man was listened to with more attention, speaking from any platform.

And of like spirit with him, among the ministers of that day who now rest from their labors, I cannot help mentioning the Rev. W. C. Anderson, D.D., of the First Presbyterian church; the Rev. Benjamin Brierly, of the First Baptist church; the Rev. E. Thomas, D.D., and the Rev. Edward Bannister, D.D., of the Methodist church; and also another with whom I was still more intimate, the Rev. Isaac H. Brayton, at that time editor of the *The Pacific*. He was a man of slender build, of delicate health, but of great endurance. He was of a gentle spirit, but heroic and indomitable in the accomplishment of what he undertook. Although mild in manner he did not shrink from any encounter, where he believed right principle to be at stake, and no antagonist escaped from him without some severe handling. With a firm and steady and bold hand he conducted the religious newspaper, *The Pacific*, through that dangerous period just spoken of, and he did it with a dignity that secured the respect of the people at large, and the frequent quotation of his editorials by the secular press.

When the civil victory was won, and the new order of things was established in the city, Mr. Brayton joined heartily with his paper in efforts to promote the rising religious interest of the time. The year 1858 was the deciding time in favor of a religious life on the part of a great many young people in San 52 Francisco. It is a precious period to remember. Nor should another faithful man be forgotten in connection with it—Rev. Frederick Buel, of the Bible Society. He also has passed from earth, but his life was one of faith in that Divine Word which he caused to be distributed throughout this entire Pacific Slope, and will ever be associated with the founding of good institutions here.

But those comparatively peaceful years passed quickly, and brought us into a conflict severer than any that had gone before. The war of the rebellion opened at Fort Sumpter on the twelth of April, 1861. No sooner had the news been received here than there was a quick taking of sides, and a keen and feverish anxiety as to which side would prove to be the stronger and hold the power.

General E. V. Sumner arrived in April, and was here not a moment too soon; for General A. S. Johnston, in command of the Pacific Department, on turning over the forts and arsenals, proceeded south by way of Texas, and took a command in the Confederate service. The local demonstrations of loyalty began with the churches. Over many of them the country's flag was unfurled amid enthusiastic crowds, and was thereafter kept flying during the day. I remember well the day when my own congregation, which was one of the first to do so, assembled in front of the church—mainly men, resolute and determined—and raised the new flag, which had been prepared for the occasion, high up to its place on the staff, which had been erected on the tower. Then there were cheers that had a meaning.

A brief address followed, and a song, and more cheers, and thereafter that flag spoke the solemn purpose of that congregation to all beholders. But, as has been said, there were two opinions as to this matter of loyalty in the city and in the State. In a crisis like this, but one could be tolerated.

The issue came quickly, and it was sharp. Great meetings were held, and on every occasion there was the utmost enthusiasm in showing the preponderance of loyal sentiment, which was very great, although there was evidence enough of a strong undertone of feeling of a different sort. The Rev. T. Starr King had recently come to San Francisco. He had felt his way gradually and wisely to the acquaintance and confidence of the public, and had become a great favorite on the lecture platform. About this time he was to commence a course of lectures in Tucker's Hall on some of the patriots of the Revolution.

When the fever of anxiety was at its highest, this course opened one evening with the subject, “Washington.” The hall was packed. The lecture was elaborate, and opened in fine style. As the lecturer went on, and began to come to the expression of patriotic sentiments, the body of the audience began to respond with cheers. The speaker felt the enthusiasm; and as he went still on, he interjected expressions adapted to the temper of the hour, and this drew out applause still more

emphatic. San Francisco was there that night, and gave her verdict in a way that was decisive. For the lecturer, it was one of those rare triumphs that comes to even such a man but once in a life-time.

But above all personal considerations, it was the public, giving its solemn verdict in a great national crisis. Mr. King's being here just at that time, and having those well-adapted lectures on hand, and having a rare ability to fall into sympathy with his audience, and to bring out their enthusiasm, were all circumstances most fortunate for him, and for the country's cause here. When more than this is claimed in respect to Mr. King's influence, as is sometimes done, it is unfortunate, because it is untrue.

When people in the East, or elsewhere, speak of Mr. King as “having saved California to the Union,” they say what needs to be corrected. They say what can truthfully be said of no man. His part was a prominent and influential one. And equally so was that of many other gentlemen, who could be named. The extravagant statements of some of Mr. King's friends alone makes this correction necessary.

The spirit that saved California to loyalty and the Union, was in the masses. It was pre-eminently among the women as well as the men. And it needed only an opportunity and an occasion, to declare itself, as it did, not only under Mr. King's eloquence, but under that of many other men, and on a great variety of occasions. And it was sustained and vigilant and active in every possible way, in all parts of the State, till the public will was everywhere pronounced, and rebel sentiments and rebel sympathizers were nowhere tolerated.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA—COMMENCED AT OAKLAND—REV. HENRY DURANT—FIRST CLASS ADMITTED—FIRST COMMENCEMENT—BERKELEY COLLEGE GROUNDS—FRED. LAW OLMSTED's SURVEY—NO EASTERN HELP —MULTIPLIED LOSSES OF FRIENDS BY DEATH, FROM THE TRUSTEESHIP— INCREASING EXPENSES AND DIMINISHING FUNDS—THE IDEA OF THE STATE

UNIVERSITY—HOW IT CAME INTO EXISTENCE—NO COLLEGES AS YET IN CALIFORNIA—WILL BE IN TIME.

WHEN the year 1862 opened, I found myself exceedingly worn, and reduced in strength. The work of those preceding years of excitement was telling heavily upon me. After a good deal of consideration, I said this to my congregation one Sabbath morning in March:

“For more than a year I have been thinking of leaving California for a few years, and thus varying the scene of my ministry, by passing some time in the older States. In pursuance of this plan, I have asked the trustees to call a meeting of the congregation, and lay before them my resignation.”

As soon as this plan of mine became known, the Trustees of the College of California, in Oakland, invited me to take charge of that institution and get my needed change of scene and work in helping to build it up. It was urged by many arguments, and by kind and friendly letters from individual trustees and professors. The California spirit in me prevailed. I changed my plans and concluded to accept the college office temporarily, hoping meanwhile to recover my own strength and to help on the young institution to a permanent footing. It was one that I had taken a deep personal interest in from its preparatory beginnings. To plan for the founding of some institution of the kind was one of the objects of my visit to San Jose, San Francisco and Sacramento in 1849. I came again to San Jose where the first legislature met, in January, 1850, to meet several gentlemen on the same errand. The Rev. S. V. Blakeslee was among them, and, principally through his exertions, a fine tract of land on the Guadalupe, in San Jose, was given as a site for a college. A law was obtained from the new legislature according to which a college charter could be had. But 55 when we applied for the charter itself we found that the title to the land proposed to be given had not been determined, nor was there, as yet,* any court constituted to determine the validity of titles of the kind. And so, inasmuch as there were but few boys then needing such education, the attention of those who were interested in this movement was given, for some years, to the encouragement of common schools, which were necessary to begin with. Meantime matters of titles to land would be adjudicated, the

country would become more settled, and there would be more helpers for an undertaking of such magnitude as the founding of a college.

1 Cal. Reports, p. 330.

Early in 1853, the Rev. Henry Durant arrived from the East. He brought to me a letter of introduction from the Rev. Dr. William Adams, of New York, speaking of him in such terms as a Christian minister and scholar, as caused me to give him gladly and at once, the most unreserved confidence. He seemed to be the man sent on purpose by a kind Providence, to lead in the educational work which we had in view, a man qualified not only to begin the undertaking, but to carry it up to its full development.

This time, Oakland was chosen by him, in conjunction with a Board of Trustees that had been appointed, as the place for the beginning of a preparatory school. The number of pupils was very small at that early day, the income of the school was very little, and the land-title difficulty here also was very great.

Few men would have fought the battle through to success, as Mr. Durant did, in spite of poverty and hindrances innumerable. But he used to refer sometimes to his ancestry of Revolutionary times, and say that it would be unbecoming in him, so descended, not to have some pluck. And so he pushed on, till, with the constant help that we could give him from the outside, four fine blocks of ground were acquired on Twelfth street, in Oakland, and a house was erected thereon for the school and for his residence. There he trained his classes, till, in the year 1860, one class was ready for admission to college standing, and others would be coming forward year by year.

Then we stood face to face with the question, now that youths were ready for college, whether we could get the college ready for them. We had no endowment. We had the grounds before spoken of in Oakland, and the necessary buildings on them 56 for the preparatory school, and the grounds for the ultimate location of the college at Berkeley. That was all. But we thought that if we went forward and commenced the instruction of college classes already asking for it, thus attempting to meet a manifestly existing need, in a manifestly thorough and *bona fide* way, before all the scholars

of the country, that the public here and the public at the East, would sustain us with the means. It was determined to go forward.

In all the early efforts in behalf of this institution, gentlemen connected with all the Christian denominations were equally interested, and belonged to the Board of Trustees.

The idea of its friends, in the beginning, was this: This is a new country, remote from the old centers of population, and will not be very rapidly settled. There is no prospect that any of the Christian denominations will be able to build a college in the life-time of the present generation. In the life-time of the present generation California will want a college. It cannot have one in any broad and well-furnished way, unless the friends of learning in the various Christian denominations join together to build one.

And it seemed as if there might be such a joining together, because the course of study pursued in the college is common ground. The training that the youth belonging to one denomination seek in a college course, the youth of all denominations seek, wherever they go to find it. And it seemed possible, if the Christian public took this view of the matter, to build up one genuine and thorough college, with the ordinary curriculum and the four annual classes, in California, within the time of the present generation. And it was possible, as we now very plainly see, if the Christian public had really taken that view of the matter.

In organizing the college, in 1860, by the appointment of a Faculty, it was thought best by the trustees to state these principles to the public on which they had been acting from the first, and on which they wished to stand pledged to act in the future. The statement was in these words:

“The College of California is an institution designed by its founders to furnish the means of a thorough and comprehensive education, under the pervading influence and spirit of the Christian religion. The bonds which unite its friends and patrons are a catholic christianity, a common interest in securing 57 the highest educational privileges for youth, the common sympathy of educated

and scientific men, and a common interest in the promotion of the highest welfare of the State, as fostered and secured by the diffusion of sound and liberal learning."

Then followed the rules, requiring that the trustees should be chosen so as to represent the supporters of the college, but that not more than one fourth of the members should at any time be of the same religious denomination, but that a majority of the trustees and of the faculty should always be members of evangelical churches.

When the first year's college instruction was completed, a second class was admitted, while the first was advanced; and when my appointment was made another class was about to come in, when there would be three classes requiring instruction. This would immediately make necessary an additional building and more instruction. In my own mind I resolved to do two things, if possible: First, To get up the new building, and provide facilities there for the instruction of the four college classes; and, Second, Raise an endowment for the presidency, and get a finely qualified man from the East to come and fill it, and then to resume my ministry. The first thing was accomplished during my first year's work, and the raising of the endowment for the presidency was completed during the second year, but the effort to get the man chosen to fill it did not succeed. Then another election took place, and that did not succeed.

Meanwhile the institution went on, supported by means of annual subscriptions which I secured for that purpose in various parts of California.

In 1864 the first class was graduated. This was our first *bona fide* Commencement. The occasion awakened no little enthusiasm in San Francisco as well as in Oakland. But in connection with that Commencement there was something which carried its interest up to a very high pitch, and that was the first gathering of the Alumni of the various colleges. A hundred and twenty-five gentlemen sat down to dinner together, representing all the oldest and most prominent colleges and universities in the United States. There was a fine intellectual magnetism in that assembly! The letters that were read from gentlemen in the East were worth going far to hear. One was from the venerable ex-President Day of Yale college. Another, 58 which was a gem of felicitous thought and expression,

was from Professor H. B. Smith, of New York. Another was from President Marsh of our neighbor college at Forest Grove, Oregon, whose recent death it grieves us to see just now announced.

The President in the chair on that occasion was the Hon. Edward Tompkins, and the grace and felicity with which he ruled in that uproarious assembly cannot be described, it can only be remembered by those who saw it.

What a speech was that of Judge Haight in response to “The Judiciary,” and that other, peculiar and inimitable, in response to “The Press,” by Dr. Tuthill, of the *Bulletin*! The hours passed unnoticed, and never were people more loth to part and break the spell of fine intellectual enjoyment.

The occasion brought into pleasant literary fellowship multitudes of educated men, who enjoyed each other's acquaintance ever afterward. Out of this meeting grew an organized society of Alumni that held its meetings annually for many years.

This timely nucleating of the educated men was one of the happiest ideas of the college, and its influence was great and good every way. Although the work and the wear in planning these occasions in all their details was immense, it was work as well laid out in the interest of the higher education in the State as any that has ever been done.

The college had now begun to teach its four annual classes in the entire curriculum of the best colleges in language, mathematics, philosophy and general literature, and was doing what it could toward teaching the elements of natural science. As the college grew older, it could not meet the demand in this department, except at a rapidly growing expense. And there was no growing income to provide for it. Our temporary subscriptions could not be renewed and kept good forever.

My theory had been that the coming of an able President at this stage of the institution's progress would bring to it friends and endowment. Perhaps it would have done so; I even now think it would. But we could not get the man. Nor could the college get help in the form of endowment from the East, as other institutions have done.

It got indorsement, in the form of opinion most favorable, from a great number of the leading educators of the country, and these opinions were shown to the men of money very extensively, and all the great necessities of the situation were 59 explained, and the case was urged, but it brought no money. Some of our ablest professors went East to solicit funds, and did their best, but they got no money. Any time during the years I am now reviewing, the receipt of such a sum as twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars, even, in addition to the property which it had, would have tided the college over all difficulty and insured its permanence. But at the east the idea seemed to be that it could not be possible that it was really necessary to send money to California, the very country of gold.

And with all the facts, and reasons, and arguments, it was impossible to beget the conviction that money ought to be given to found a college in California! This college was not alone in being unable to get help in that quarter. Many other institutions in this State have since applied there, but none have to this day received any considerable amounts of money.

The necessity was real and pressing and vital, as it is in beginning colleges in other new States, but it could not be made so to appear in the peculiar case of California as to draw forth the needed funds.

The efforts of the friends and Professors, and the amplest indorsement in the most influential quarters in all the ten years of its existence, never brought to the college treasury the sum of ten thousand dollars, all told, from the East.

Here at home, the college was meeting with heavy misfortune about this time, in the loss of several of its ablest trustees and supporters. Rev. Mr. Lacy was stricken down with hemorrhage from the lungs, and was obliged to leave his church and the city. No one could for a long time fill his place as a trustee of the college, and as a main dependence in the work of raising funds.

Frederick Billings, Esq., another of our ablest and most generous trustees and helpers, was closing up his business, preparatory to going away for the recovery of his health, with the probability of not returning.

Still another, E. B. Goddard, Esq., one of the very earliest and most efficient workers for the college, also a trustee, was taken away by death. Rev. Dr. W. C. Anderson, too, failed in health, and was obliged to leave the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, and in him we lost an old and experienced college officer, as well as an efficient trustee.

From the same church circle of helpers, another of our most 60 zealous trustees and generous supporters, Gerritt W. Bell, Esq., was suddenly removed by death. No new trustees could possibly fill the place of these men at once, however willing they might be, and desirous of doing so. Most of these men had been on the board from its organization. The whole business was familiar to them. They had long been its acknowledged representatives to the public. They were thoroughly convinced of its prime importance as an educational and Christian power on this Pacific Slope. And just when they were most needed, as it seemed, when the full developed college was calling for their largest experience and efficiency, they were all removed in quick succession.

But that was not all. The State was growing older. The Christian denominations were growing stronger. Their own special and necessary work was increasing. In one way and another it was making larger demands on many of those who had been in the habit of subscribing to the college most liberally. New pastors coming to the churches, could not help seeing these needs more distinctly at first than they did those of the college. The result was, that at the very time when the college was needing the utmost concentration of its friends because it was obliged to meet growing expenses, by this coincidence of adverse events it had to face the fact of a diminished income.

There was an effort to supplement this income finally, by the sale of portions of its real estate in lots. This subserved a good purpose temporarily, but before long it was easy to see that its real estate would all be gone, by and by, and where could we look for means to meet the increasing current expenses of the college then?

In the year 1867, Governor Low, at the head of a State Commission, was looking for a site on which to establish a mining, agricultural and scientific school.

The site finally fixed upon was a little north of Berkeley. Governor Low was familiar with the college. Indeed, he had been for years a contributor to its funds. He knew all about its organization and scholarship. In giving his attention to the higher educational wants of the State on this commission, he reasoned out the matter in this way, as he expressed it in conversation with some members of the college Board:

“You have here organization, scholarship, experience, 61 reputation, pupils, everything but money. The State has none of these, and is not very likely to get them. Several successive Legislatures have tried to agree upon some plan of an institutution to receive the funds which she already has, but they have failed. And they are more than likely still to fail. What the State wants you have, and what you want the State has. What a pity they could not, in some way, be put together.”

Every experienced college worker knows what significance such suggestions would have to those whose brains were perplexed and weary over the hard problems of ways and means. Of course, we knew what a State institution and State control meant. But even that was about that time presented in as favorable a light as possible in Rev. Dr. Todd's letters descriptive of Michigan University, which he was just then visiting.

Thereupon the question was debated whether, if the college would become the nucleus of a University, the State would endow the institution, and add to it the departments necessary for its full development. The balance of opinion seemed to be that the State would do that. That such an offer would enable the Legislature to agree upon the plan of an institution on which it could bestow its funds, and would be willing to extend it beyond a scientific school, and make it a real University.

Of course, we all knew well enough that a State University, in its curriculum and training, would stop short of the higher departments of education, intellectual and moral philosophy, and the Christian evidences.

Even if political control should be on its best behavior, and, rising above the dictates of party-interest, should build up the institution in the interest of true learning, we did not need to be told

that these crowning departments would have to be left off. It was a hard alternative, as I very well know, for many to meet, to surrender the work and plans and prayers and achievements and hopes of years, to the uncertainties of the political future.

But we had to meet it. Inability to get endowment or any other help from the East, the singularly heavy losses from the number of our most generous contributors and workers, as before mentioned, and the increasing demand on others to begin new institutions of various kinds, and so making their gifts to the college less, all these things united to make the transfer to 62 the State seem to be the best thing that could be done. It was believed, too, that if such an offer was made to the State, and was accepted by it, that the known wishes and plans of the donors would be respected, as far as possible, in the organization of the University.

And so at last it was determined to offer the college, entire, as it was, to the State, as the beginning of a University. Thereupon the Commission before mentioned, of which Governor Low was chairman, changed their report as to the location of the Science School, and recommended to the State that it be placed on the grounds of the college in Berkeley. The college, in offering this ground as the site of a University, offered what had cost a great deal of search. In 1856, the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell was spending the summer in California for the benefit of his health. He entered into our college plans with great enthusiasm. Accompanied by one and another of the trustees, he prosecuted an examination all around the bay of San Francisco, for the choicest site for such an institution. He visited Sonoma, and Napa and Petaluma valleys, and in the fall, made an exhaustive and detailed report of his observations.

It was in the light of all these examinations, that the Berkeley site was finally fixed upon. A clear title to it was secured with great difficulty, because parts of it had to be bought of several different owners.

In the summer of 1865, the trustees secured the services of Fred. Law Olmsted, Esq., of New York, to make a topographical survey and map of these grounds, and lay them out for the future uses of the institution. This Mr. Olmsted did with great study and detail of work. He made a report,

proposing the sites for the college buildings, and showing the engineer's plan to be used in the field in laying down the roadlines and a very large and finely-executed map, presenting a general view of the improvements contemplated.

With these came a printed report with instructions, which, among other things, said: “During the month of August I spent ten days on the ground, usually coming from San Francisco in the morning and returning at night. The climate of San Francisco was at this time extremely disagreeable, while that of the college property was as fine as possible. I determined to remain on the ground for the purpose of ascertaining 63 whether this mildness would continue, or whether it preceded a change of temperature and a visit of the night wind after night-fall. At sunset the fog-clouds were rolling over the mountain-tops back of San Francisco, gorgeous in rosy and golden light; the city itself was obscured by a drifting sand. At Berkeley the air remained perfectly serene, and, except for the fog-banks in the southwest, which soon became silvery and very beautiful in the moonlight, I never saw a clearer or brighter sky. It remained the same; the air being still of a delightful temperature till morning, when the sun, rising over the mountains in the rear, gave a new glory to the constant clouds over-hanging the heights on each side of the Golden Gate.”

Mr. Olmsted's idea of the arrangement of the public buildings in the most symmetrical way which the grounds would permit, is expressed as follows: “The central buildings are intended to be placed on an artificial plateau at the head of the dell. This site, while moderately elevated, yet appears slightly embayed among the slopes of the hills on all sides except that toward the park, over which the outlook to the westward is unconfined, and reaches to the horizon of the ocean. The west front of this plateau is designed to take the form of an architectural terrace, from which two broad walks, between the lines of a formal avenue lead directly to the head of the dell in the park. The general arrangement is shown more fully in a working plan drawn to a larger scale than the principal drawing. The construction of the necessary plateau upon the site proposed will not be an expensive undertaking, as the working plan will show, and the terrace may be finished, if desired, very plainly and cheaply. At the same time, the introduction of a high degree of art, at any time in the future will be practicable, in the form of statues, fountains, and a highly decorative parapet, with

tile and marble pavement upon the terrace, and on each side of the broad walks, the intermediate quadrangles and the stair and entrance-ways."

And so, in the autumn of 1867 the college, with these, its grounds, a hundred and sixty acres, was offered to the State. The outgoing Governor, Low, recommended to the legislature the acceptance of the offer, and the incoming Governor, Haight, did the same. And although there were, as usual, many other plans and projects in that body for the expenditure of the State's money, this drew so large a majority of the legislators 64 to its support, that the offer of the college was accepted, and the University was organized. This was done in March, 1868.

It took the Regents of the University, appointed in pursuance of this act, something over a year to get into working order, and in readiness to begin instruction. Meanwhile, the college carried on that work. When the University was, at length, ready to go into operation, the Regents notified the college of that fact, accompanying their communication with the following resolution, dated April 6th, 1869:

"*Resolved*, That the Board of Regents take this occasion to repeat the expression of their profound appreciation of the far-seeing public spirit, devotion to learning, and the good of the commonwealth manifested by the trustees of the College of California in the resolutions passed by their Board, August, 1867" (these were the resolutions offering the college to the State), "and that we recognize in those resolutions the incipient germ of the State University:

"*Resolved*, That in view of the important trusts prospectively confided to us, we do hereby signify to the trustees of the College of California our sense of responsibility, and our purpose and intent to preserve, cherish and carry forward to posterity those trusts, in the same enlightened spirit in which they were confided to us."

And so, after an existence of sixteen years in its preparatory department and its college development, and having graduated six classes, well instructed in the ordinary college course, it laid

down its work, that the University might take it up and carry on all of it that a State institution can carry on, with ample means and increased working force.

The offer that the College of California made of itself to the public of this State for so many years, as a genuine institution of learning of common advantage to all who accept the Christian religion as true, was a sincere and honest offer. It was sustained long enough to show that, if the general sentiment of the public had continued to be, as it plainly was at one time, that one college like this ought to be sustained by general consent, where no such college can be built by divided effort, its support would have grown with the growth of the State. But such was not finally the prevailing judgment, and so we have a State University, but we have no college in California. We are credited, in the lists of educational institutions in the 65 country, with having fifteen or twenty colleges; but, so far as I know, we have no college, according to the ordinary significance of that word.

The idea entertained when the earliest steps were taken toward the establishment of the College of California, that no one of the Christian denominations would be able to build a college within the life-time of a generation, has proved true. Several denominations have tried, but not one has succeeded. But they will succeed. As the State grows older and wealthier, they will succeed. There are many excellent institutions of learning now existing, and well matured, that will, by-and-by, develop into colleges. This State will, in time, provide itself with institutions that do not leave off, from the top of the curriculum, the study of mind and morals, and the Christian evidences. It is only a question of time. Schools of science and of special training are good in their place, but the college is needed also. It is a kind of training practically interwoven among others in our American system, and it is not going to fall into disuse. Although we may be late in getting it in California, we shall, nevertheless, have it.

We all wish well to the University. It has, probably, done as well as could have been expected thus far. But ten years is a period only sufficient for a beginning for such an institution. The State can only really know what the University is, when it has seen what kind of men it makes. It will take another decade or two for that to appear.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUMMER AT THE EAST—PASTORATE AT SANTA CRUZ—A GLANCE AT THE FRUITAGE OF THE PAST THIRTY YEARS IN CALIFORNIA—SUNDAY AS A PLEASURE-DAY—A GREAT DANGER TO BE GUARDED AGAINST—CONCLUSION.

The summer and autumn of 1870 I spent in the East. I had passed one summer there before, since I first came to California; it was the summer of 1855. All the rest of the past thirty years I have been here in the California work. On my return from the East in 1870, I became Pastor of the Congregational Church in Santa Cruz, where I have been, at the time of this writing, a little over eight years. It is possible for me, therefore, at this time, to look upon the fruitage of these thirty busy years. And as I view it carefully, and in detail, I find myself all the while comparing it with the plans, and hopes, and anticipations which induced me to come here. I try to find how much of what I outlined to myself in thought, as I stood on that hill in Medford, Massachusetts, that crisp November morning in 1848, deciding to come to California, turns out to be reality here to-day. I try to find how much of that which I feared, when, in New Orleans, in December following, we met the news of the discovery of gold in California, and learned of the consequent revolution in industries and in social life, has been realized.

The more carefully I examine the course of things through these years, the more clearly come out the answers to these questions. But it would take more than the few pages I can give here, to enter into these matters in detail. The mountains are as they were then, and the bays and rivers and the long stretch of ocean shore are now, as we first saw them, but the plains that then knew no fences, or the touch of plows, are now all divided into fields and farms, and the millions of acres that then were supposed to be useless for culture, on account of our rainless summers, are now furnishing more than twenty-two millions of centals of wheat alone, to the markets of the world, to say nothing of a proportional quantity of the other cereals. And then, of fruits, our different degrees of latitude give us almost the entire of the tropical and the semi-tropical, the 67 value of which rose to between three and four millions of dollars in 1878. This carries the yield of our agricultural industry far beyond that of the mining, which, in 1878, was twenty millions of dollars. This shows that even in

this first thirty years of its history, California has changed from being a mining State, and has come to be an agricultural State.

This single fact goes far towards disappointing the fears which the news of the gold discovery excited in us in New Orleans, and realizing the hopes which we entertained concerning this "farthest West," before that time.

Our facilities of travel have kept pace with our progress in other things. On horse-back, or in sail-boats and schooners, were the only ways of travel and transportation in 1849, while in 1879 our railroad system spans the whole length of the State, and connects us with the Atlantic States direct. Our bays swarm with steamboats, and our coast transportation business has come to be very great. Our foreign trade connects us with Japan and China, with Australia and the South Pacific. All this shows what a broad field of varied enterprises and industries has opened here. Indeed, in its material progress, the State has hardly a rival.

But the people who have done all this work, what of them? It need not be said that they have been busy, and have toiled hard. What they have accomplished bears most emphatic witness as to that fact. But have they gained what they came to seek? In a vast majority of cases, it must be said that they have not. Not a few of this number, however, have gained something better than they came to seek. They have made them homes here, and live in plenty, if not in luxury. A few have acquired great wealth in a short time, enough, at least have done so, to show what is the effect of such fortunes on the possessors. It is very often odd and very amusing.

The intelligence and culture and ability to use well the great power of money is not increased; while the money itself increases from thousands of dollars to millions. It is easy then to move out of the cottage into a mansion, and change the style of life accordingly; but the *man* is the same in the mansion as in the cottage. He can employ upholsterers and painters and gardeners, and pay them, but *he* has not changed, although he surrounds himself with works of art, at ever so great a cost. He is the same man. Moreover, the sudden acquisition of great 68 wealth seems practically to prove fatally destructive to its possessors. The unaccustomed care, anxiety, worry, or mode of life, or all

these things combined, seems quickly to break men down, and “softening of the brain,” or some other form of disease, takes away their ability to enjoy what they sought so earnestly.

I could illustrate this by a sadly long list of names of men whom I have myself known in these past years. Still further, we thus far see no instance in which such wealth has been used to promote the public welfare. It has built no institutions of learning, endowed no libraries, established no industrial schools or schools of art, provided no hospitals or asylums, it has done nothing in the interest of science.

Mr. Lick's bequests, when realized, will seem to be an exception to this remark, although his wealth can hardly be said to have been suddenly acquired. This would seem to show that the men to whose lot fortunes have fallen have not been men of enthusiasm for these things, and that the acquisition of their great wealth did not change them in this particular.

And still, though the lessons of observation and experience are what they are as to this matter, I suppose that the hunger for sudden wealth is just as great as ever, and the readiness to resort to chance and pure speculation in all its forms is just as great as it ever has been. When will come the time of a generation that will be wiser, remains to be seen.

I have spoken so far of the fruitage of these past years in respect to material things—business and enterprise. I come now to the more important matters of religion and morality. And here, at the very outset, there are some facts that ought to be taken into consideration: 1. The suddenness with which the first comers were called hither by the news of the gold discovery is one of them; 2. Another is the fact that this call brought them from all quarters, raising the population in a brief time from scores to hundreds of thousands; 3. Another is the fact that they were nearly all men, for a long time, and were thrown together, especially in the mines, in the very rudest and most unaccustomed modes of life. These were strange enough, but they were not what Mr. Bret Harte is pleased to represent them. He may amuse the public in his own country or all over the world with his fiction, but if anybody thinks he is picturing real life, they are wholly deceived. It would be well if this were remembered wherever Bret Harte is heard or read.

But now combine these facts, and let them represent the surroundings of such a mass of young men as were here for years, and it is easy to see what a powerful influence it would exert upon manners, morals and religion. Almost wholly withdrawn from influences of a refining, saving sort, such as home, female society, the Sabbath and the Word of God, they were in the midst of gambling, drunkenness, profanity, and all their usual accompaniments.

If “things follow their tendencies,” what will become of religion in such circumstances? How will even good men come out of years of such life, whether they are of the disappointed or of the successful? And yet hundreds of thousands passed through this ordeal before they became settled and at home in California. Is it wonderful that morals deteriorated, and religion came into doubt?

Young men were all too ready to think that possibly their bringing-up may have been unnecessarily strict in both faith and practice, and that here in California, at least, it would be safe to try other ways. Hence the intoxicating cup—they said “the water was bad;” and cards—they said “they must have some way of passing away the long, lonely evenings.” And then the loose reading—good reading was not at hand, and so the influences seemed to all press in the direction of evil!

It was down on this plane of morals and religion that all our towns and cities commenced. And they commenced and have grown up, most of them, with populations from a half to two thirds foreign born. Most of these had no associations of home-training, in the observance of the Sabbath, and attendance upon Divine worship.

But the American-born portion had such associations, and the power and the value of them appeared at last. When they became settled in towns, they were generally ready to aid in setting up the institutions and usages of the region from whence they came.

The instructions and training of youth showed their power, and business and work were laid aside on Sunday, and churches were built and attended. People coming from the East sometimes express surprise that Sunday is not more generally observed in California, and that the churches

are not better attended. If they could see the low point at which a beginning had to be made everywhere, the few who came forward as 70 helpers, and the unusual obstacles which the peculiar circumstances of the settlement of this State placed in their way, their surprise might arise, on the other hand, in view of the fact that we are as well off as we are.

One of the lessons my California life has most thoroughly taught me is, that transplanted people do not begin life on new ground on as high a plane as they occupied before removal.

“That they who go abroad change their skies, but not their minds,” is all very well as a proverb, but it does not seem to prove true in emigration. I refused to accept this conclusion for a long time, but I was compelled to do so at last, and learned that the only way was to find the actual standpoint of any new community, whatever it may be, on the ground, and beginning there, try to build up and improve. In doing so, one has to work with such helpers as offer themselves. It is impossible to know their antecedents in all cases. There are instances in which men come forward to positions in the Christian service for which their characters do not really qualify them. They consent, perhaps, to become deacons or elders, or Sunday-school superintendents, and by and by it turns out that they are not the men who ought to fill such places. The unaccustomed tests of business in a new country prove to be too much for them. And though they may not apostatise, they take such a course as disqualifies them for any influential Christian service. Time and Providential discipline may save them, but they are hindrances and not helps in religious work in a new country. This is one of the greatest hindrances in the way of Christian progress, and it requires the utmost patience to overcome it. Time and experience will however set it right here, as it has done in the older States.

The fruitage of the years under review, in religion, is not easy to estimate, not because it is small, but because it consists so largely in beginnings and in foundation-work. It is something to know that there are six or seven hundred Protestant houses of worship in the State, mostly paid for; whereas, thirty years ago there was not one! Thirty years ago there were five of us Protestant ministers in California, strangers in the midst of the strange society before described, but not a church organization, or, as I have said, a church edifice in all the country. Now I suppose there are five

hundred ministers, with their churches and Sunday-schools and religious papers, and periodicals, in abundance.

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In the shifting condition of things during these years, the churches have had to struggle to get a foot-hold, and build them those houses of worship, and pay for them. And it is remarkable how exclusively this has been done by working people of moderate means. And to-day I hardly know of a church of any one of these denominations, in which there is a rich man. This necessary attention to the outworks of Christianity has not been altogether favorable to spiritual culture, but it has prepared the way for it, in the time to come. And now a native-born population is springing up to give their fresh enthusiasm to the work.

This is very plainly seen in the report made from this State to the Atlanta Sunday-school Convention, in April, 1878. That report represents eight hundred Sunday-schools, in which there are three thousand six hundred and forty-eight teachers, and forty-five thousand six hundred scholars.

Here is the young life that is to give vigor to the Christian work in this State in the time to come. This report shows that fully one quarter of the youth of this State of school age are already in the Sunday-school. To my mind, this is the brightest aspect of the outwork before us.

One of the marked facts respecting religion in California during these thirty years is this: As a rule, the professional men, the educated men—the doctors, the lawyers, and to a great extent, the merchants—have refrained from church attendance, and have given little support to the institutions of religion. Of course, there have been exceptions of a very marked character; but this has been the rule. What has been done in the interest of Christianity, has been done without their help. I am sorry to be obliged to record such a fact as this, but truth compels me, and it ought to be stated; for it has had a great influence on the wrong side. The force of this example has been hard to work against. In fact, I am firmly of opinion that if the professional and leading business men of San Francisco, for example, had, as a rule, kept the Sabbath, attended public worship, and as far as possible, taken part in Sunday-school, that their example would have been largely followed by the young men of to-

day in that city, and that ill-savored word “hoodlum” would not have been forced, to our disgrace, into the English language! And if they now suffer, as they all do, in their persons, property, or in the good 72 name and fame of the city, from the “hoodlum” pest, they have to remember that they themselves are largely to blame.

Turning now from this retrospect of our first thirty years in California, and casting a glance forward to the second, many things—yes, most things—seems inspiring and hopeful. We seem to have passed the critical periods in the settlement of a State, and to have reached the time, in respect to our civil and political affairs, when we may move in a steady and even course. Notwithstanding the recklessness of the earlier years, we have escaped large indebtedness, and our credit is good before the world. We have at last overcome, mainly, the first complications in land titles, and have adjusted our system of laws to our needs. We have developed a system of popular education that opens schools wherever there are children needing them. The recent census tells us that we have two hundred and five thousand four hundred and fifty-seven children in the State of school age, and the State funds yield this year, to support schools for them, two hundred and seven thousand five hundred and twenty-nine dollars. This sum, supplemented by local taxation, keeps the schools open the year round. If the people select good teachers, and second the school training with wholesome home instruction, the outlook for the young is most hopeful.

Especially is this so, if Christians of all denominations press the work of Sunday-school instruction, and instead of teaching one fourth of the children in the State the Word of God, as we do now, teach all who can be induced to come. Home nurture, school training and good Sunday-school instruction, will save the State to purity, honesty, virtue and Christianity.

I do not like to take the eye from these hopeful things, and bring to view any of a contrary aspect. And yet, there is one thing of that kind which is of such importance that it ought not to be omitted in this connection.

It is not the spirit of unbelief; it is not the influence of vagrant lecturers, some of whom come to California and gather masses of hearers to do them little good, perhaps to do them great mischief,

and then go home to belittle the work of good men here, and misrepresent us generally; it is not the presence of a licentious press, before which nothing is sacred, these things are bad enough, but they can be endured, outlived and cured, but the thing I refer to, *is the wide-spread, popular 73 disposition to turn the Christian Sabbath into a pleasure-day.*

If this should go on, it would close churches, break up Sunday-schools, withdraw the Word of God from the mind of the people, and send us on an experiment more certainly fatal than any State of this Union has yet ventured!

Long ago, this tendency to turn the Sabbath into a recreation-time, awakened the gravest apprehensions in the minds of hinking men among us. As far back as 1875, Bishop Kip said in his pastoral letter, after speaking of Saturday night balls and Sunday dinner parties: “But worse than all this is the *Sunday picnic*. As I write these words, my brethern, I confess I can scarcely realize that any who bear upon them the solemn vows of the church could have been partakers in so glaring a violation of God's holy day. Yet so it has been. And when the gay party passed through the country to the appointed scene of festivity, what was the lesson conveyed to those who witnessed it? Worse, if possible than the influence upon yourself, has been that upon ‘them that are without.' Infidelity has been strengthened, and irreligion loudly gloried in the sight.”

And yet the evil is not checked. A right public sentiment does not correct it.

On the other hand, with our increased facilities for travel, it has grown to very great proportions. The cities pour out their people on Sunday into the country, and the country sets itself to work to accommodate the people of the city. The best people look on all this, and ask with concern, where will it end? What can be done to check this threatening evil? And well they may ask those questions. For in vain will be these bright skies, this temperate and salubrious air, these fertile lands, and these rich mines, if we turn the Lord's Day into a play-day!

In 1849, and onward for several years, Sunday was a business day. It was not so very hard, after a while, to bring about an agreement to stop work on that day; for seven days' confinement in a week proved intolerable. But it will not be so easy to get the people to stop going abroad for pleasure

on Sunday. In seeking to do this, we encounter two very powerful motives. The one is the desire for personal gratification and enjoyment, and the other is that of the profit which these excursions yield to the transportation companies, and to those who entertain the pleasure-seekers. It is well to face these difficulties at once. 74 They will never give way of themselves. It is only the strength of public sentiment, based upon a conviction of right that can overcome them. How shall this public sentiment be manifested?

In the first place, *by example*. By an example in Sabbath observance that cannot be misunderstood. It becomes me, as a believer in the Divine authority, and vital importance of the Sabbath to the public welfare, to keep it, so *that, if everybody else should keep it in the same way, its true object and intent would be answered*. It does not become me to travel or visit; or in any way seem to be doing that which, if everybody else did, the Sabbath would fail to be observed according to its intent.

My example as it respects keeping the day is my most emphatic testimony to my belief in its importance. Only according to my example can I exert any influence to persuade others to observe it. If that example is not clear and undoubted, I cannot make my influence in favor of the day in any other way decided or effective.

After an example that is safe to follow, and based upon it, comes the use of all means of enlightening the public mind concerning the real nature, intent, and importance of the Sabbath, and the obligation to observe it.

It is important to carefully distinguish between the Sabbath as a civil resting day—a thing of civil law—and as a religious institution established by Divine authority. In both aspects it needs the support of an intelligent and strong public sentiment; and that support needs to be rendered in every suitable and effective way. The pulpit, and the press, and conversation all are needed to do their part, and to do it perseveringly.

Especially with the young should this influence be exerted, that their views may be established upon sound principle. They will need to be so established, otherwise they will not resist the

doubting influence that they will be sure to meet, and refuse to join in the pleasure-seeking practices of the unthinking multitude.

It has seemed to me for several years past that this popular drift toward making Sunday a pleasure-day in California is significant and even alarming. And I cannot think of the next thirty years, and of this growing State, and of the time to come, without great anxiety as to the method in which the Christian Sabbath is going to be observed. It seems to me that the importance of this matter is not felt as it ought to be, even by good people.

It seems to me that the consequences of the drift of popular usage into which we are falling are not adequately apprehended. We know how large a portion of our population ignore the Sabbath altogether. If the Christian people do not take a very positive stand in its defense; if they do not unite to do very effective and aggressive work to rescue it from desecration, and make it all over the State not only a rest-day but a worship-day, our summer seasons will come to be Sabbathless seasons, and the consequences it is not difficult to foresee.

Thirty years ago I was thinking “what shall be my theme for my first sermon in California?” I was on the steamship which had then just anchored in the harbor of Monterey; I could not at once find a place to stay on shore. It was Saturday, and I was to preach the next day in Colton Hall. I remained on shipboard to prepare. “What shall be my text?” thought I. “It shall be one that most clearly expresses my errand here,” I said to myself; and so I thought—“We preach Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God,”—that is my errand, and that shall be my text; and I would take the same text, and let it express the same errand again now.

That day I had to prepare my discourse on the deck of the steamship. It was the quietest place I could find; and even there I had to cling close to the capstan, sitting beside it on a camp stool, in order not to be pushed about in the general rush. But the noise did not concern me, and therefore it did not disturb me. I was at last in California. Those circling hills around Monterey were beautiful after the winter rains, as they are now. There was inspiration in the air, in the landscape, in the

occasion, in the theme, in everything. And now, after the period of a generation has passed away, there is no theme more fitting to the changed situation than this same theme.

As I prepared my anniversary discourse upon it this year, it was not on a ship's deck, amid the rush of gold-seekers just arrived in the golden land, looking forward to a State yet to be, but it was in my own quiet study, surrounded by my books, and all the needed appliances and helps in my work. I prepared it to be preached, not in a half-finished, unfurnished room, to a small assembly of men, but in a comely and convenient church, to a congregation representing homes, and a well-ordered Christian society. A church which is one of six 76 or seven hundred Protestant churches, where then there was not one of any denomination. The preaching of that theme seemed to me, in the beginning, worthy of the devotion of the noblest life, and it appears to me to-day more surpassingly so than it did then. The study of these years, the experience of these years, the contact with people as a Christian pastor during all these years, the living and the dying, raise it, in my view, to a higher esteem than ever. And not less does the personal experience through all these years, in joy and in sorrow, in health and in sickness, in safety and in danger lead me to rank this theme as the one of absolutely supreme moment to-day. With it I began my ministry, and with it I would now begin it anew, thankful for the undiminished health and strength that permits me to do so. And as long as I live, and in every way in which I am able, I will preach “Christ, and Him crucified, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.